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To
t h e
teachers
whose faithful
work has guided our
wandering class through the
wide desert of the pathless past,
we beg to dedicate this
our final effort, the
class of
'90.

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Introduction.

It is with a high degree of pleasure, mingled somewhat with that of pride, that we offer to the tender mercies of Consolidated Saginaw—"Aurora," the final effort of "Immortal Ninety." Being, as it is, the first of what we hope will be a series, and having no predecessor by which to take example, we humbly ask our readers to pardon our errors and give our labors their just dues—by buying a book.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

FRED. A. OSBORN.

CLASSMATES OF '90:

We have come together this evening to celebrate the termination of our High School life, to spend a last social hour before the bonds which have united us so closely shall be severed. The goal toward which we have been striving for many years, has been reached, and the places which once knew us, shall know us no more.

Four years ago we entered the High School, thoughtless and careless freshmen, life had for us no work—the future was lived in the present. But little by little (as we grew in stature and knowledge,) our thoughts were "widened with the process of the suns," we and began to realize life's duties. Now we are standing on the threshold of a new life, our paths separate, each one is to fail or succeed in life's work according as he has improved his four years of opportunities. May God grant that each and every one of the class of '90 shall have so improved the years that as time rolls on and life's duties are finished, they may know and feel they have not lived in vain.

Now before our bark is launched on life's sea, let us not fail to thank those instructors who have given to us the knowledge gained by years of application, and who, by their words and actions, have taught the more precious lesson that life is real and earnest, that the present wisely improved is the success of the future.

Class-mates, as we sever these bonds of school life, let us ever carry with us a deep and strong affection for the grand old class of '90, and enshrine in memory our Alma Mater.

THE SCHOLAR AS A CITIZEN.

V. S. DRAKE.

THERE have been recorded a few instances, where Time has announced that the curtain has fallen upon some act of life's drama, and thereby closed some vast period or epoch of the world's history. But in general this task has been left to man; he it is who has been compelled to perform this office. The real book has been completed before the artificial is opened. If we may presume so far as to attempt to form some conception of the volume into which the present century will be moulded, what would we say of its nature; how will its grand achievements compare with those that form part of the bulky annals of the past; what is its most prominent feature? By common consent, it seems to be granted that this is a period of periods. In this age seems to be located the focus of a multitude of rays, which if tracked to their source would lead the investigator back over fields of blood, conquest after conquest, back to the early dawn of history. Meeting here as they do, ripe and fruitful from long centuries of preparation, we now behold on every hand the opening buds of new, and as yet untried enterprises.

But chief among these opportunities, foremost among the possibilities which it brings within the reach of humanity, is the importance which it attaches to individual labor. Not in the sense in which it is usually taken, where a single being is enabled to dwindle nations into insignificance and center upon himself the gaze of all posterity, but in an entirely new meaning in which men, not man, make up a nation, in which a republic is considered as merely "an idea worked out in men;" which seeks to grasp and enlarge upon the early Greek ideal of a family of equals in which each one is to be capable of assuming his part in the management of the nation's affairs, and in which these duties are alike obligatory. Long years the common man has watched and waited for the dawning day of that which should lift the veil which enshrouded him in its slimy folds. That day has come. That sun, which for centuries had lightened only the peaks which towered lofty and cold above him, now pours down in matchless profusion, its radiant warmth filling his soul with new health and vigor.

To-day and its possibilities is a theme on which the orator and poet are wont to lavish their most extravagant encomiums. But with all their lavish praise they have nearly neglected to give due prominence to the citizen. For in this character we are most interested. For in this free America, "jewelled over with cities and fair towns, factories and schools.,' are open to the scholar such opportunities for patriotic service, as no other age can boast. It is in this personage that this nation is to-day vitally concerned. Its life and welfare are in his hands and may be sacrificed or treasured according as his ideal is fair or foul.

To the scholar this relationship is one of birth and training, one which calls for a service which is eminently befitting. It is to-day a first duty. There is to-day a crying need for more volunteers, more to whom this service is a pleasure, and when we consider how much the scholar is debtor to the state for those years which have been spent in preparation for life labor, when we consider the object for which the state educates its sons and daughters, we readily perceive how great are their obligations, and how willing should be the fulfillment of those obligations. A growing tendency now prevalent among our people regards politics as too black to be touched, and seeks to cover with calumny, all who become the servants of the state. This tendency can not have other than a pernicious effect upon the youth, for it holds up to view, in an unfavorable light, the very safeguard of the nation. Then, too, it drives from the ranks of the nation's employees, those who will not stoop to toil in a service which is tainted and despised. When we consider how important it is that public spirit should remain universal and not become dwarfed into a meager sectional party spirit; when we consider the weakening influence of emigration upon this important element, we are forced to the conclusion that patriotic, self-sacrifice can alone shield our country from one day becoming the prey of all that we now regard as base and treasonable.

Patriotism should shun the mart. It is corrupted and defiled just as soon as a price is set upon it and becomes an hated alien to our sympathies. When our devotion to country—our patriotic love—is gauged by the hammer, we may confidently look for the discovery of our age and the date of our death as a nation. We must learn that not all of service to country is wrapped up in the few brief moments during which war blights and blasts the fair fruits of peace. "Peace

hath her victories no less renowned than war." Victories which shine out calm and serene, high above the crimson gains of war. Struggles in which are absent those exciting and inspiring influences which turn the horrors of war into fiercely sought opportunities for adventure, and render true heroism necessary to make up for this deficiency.

Among those devoted to country the scholar should ever stand foremost. Not by reason of any self-contained merit, but by zeal, by emulation, because his study has led him into a more profound knowledge of its true grandeur. Because he "knows how nations ought to live, because he sees how nations have died." It is an old historical claim that republics are ungrateful. But it is a claim which no candid mind can willingly grant. If we were the subjects of a despot, we might be justified in expecting the medal and gold as a "recompense for patient servitude." But, free as we are, every breath of air which fans the flushed cheek of toil is part of the reward of a kind and beneficent government. Our waking hours bear witness of an host of blessings that are sometimes unnoticed until we are deprived of their healing presence. While sleep brings to our side a calm guardian who is ever a watchful sentinel.

Long, in an eloquent appeal to the cultured classes, says: "To me it seems axiomatic that the educated and cultured of a free state can control it if they will. And if ever this republic goes to the bad, it will be, not because the illiterate and lax have seized upon and depraved it, but because the educated and cultured have neglected it." Let those whose life and study have led them into a deeper knowledge of the blessings which are the heritage of Americans, set before the less fortunate an example worthy of their emulation. Teach that there is something above office, above barter; that to be an American citizen is to occupy a position which may well excite the envy of a king. With such defenders to support the constitution, with such citizens, foreign invasion is folly, home sedition would be unknown.

In my musing hour I seem to see the yearning expression on the placid faces of millions toiling up the steep hillside, up to the radiant light whose piercing rays lighten up their pathway and inspire them on to renewed effort. This light is the spirit of freedom flashing out from our shores to the remote corners of earth, and drawing to its bewitching presence a countless host of zealous devotees. For its fascinating shades, the Arab leaves his land of palms; the Mongolian

his flowery kingdom ; the Alps lose their charm and their inhabitants forsake their snowy sides. The Russian spurns from his feet the dust of the land which curses his free soul with bondage. Shall we, the keepers of that light, allow its beams to wane; permit internal evils to waste its fair, and ample proportions? Shall these struggling beings only approach to find that the spirit which animates our bosom is cold and dead; find that those flashing rays that allured them hither emanate from a musty candle?

Call not from his crumbling mausoleum that sage to paint the downfall of a second Rome. Let our first duty be to country. Let the burdens it may impose be borne with a willing obedience. Permit no insult to pass unchallenged; no wrong unrighted; purge forever from the heart every sentiment which alienates it from dutiful service.

It is in this light that we love to contemplate the scholar; here in this field of action he finds exercise for his best and noblest effort; here it is that he finds his true sphere. As a citizen the scholar is enabled to use all those powers that render noble the character of man or woman. There is no virtue which may be cultivated that lends grace to either, which proves itself unworthy of the citizen. This day requires most earnestly that we enter the ranks of those patriotic workers who shall mirror up the principles of this great republic, which offers its reward for the best from great and small. It is in this light that duty and privilege become co-partners, smoothing the rugged road of life.

But with all our anxiety concerning this great world on whose threshold we now stand, peering out upon the trackless sands which stretch away into the dim distance, shall we forget to express our gratitude to that beneficent guardian whose noble patience has soothed our fretful hour, broadened our conceptions of life and its obligations, and prepared us, frail and shrinking, for its great struggle? No! To thee we turn with grateful hearts; at thy feet in this hour of triumph we humbly bow, casting, as dutiful children, the bright laurels which thy wise care and munificent protection have enabled us to reap. We go from thee; but memory's crystal surface shall ever reflect, pure and undimmed, thy bright and radiant countenance, gladdening our lot, when the cold world shall drench us with its icy spray.

Years shall pass and time's harsh foot-prints furrow the now unruffled brow; the eye grow dim and the twilight of life become a fleecy shadow, but within unchanged, save by a quicker throb, the heart will still pulsate to thy honored memory. And if, in after years fate shall so decree, back to thy side, in childlike simplicity, shall we come. There hold blessed communion; there dream that we have but slept and shall soon wake and live again those happy days. Farewell to thee, High School! Grant thou to us one parting word. Spread over the heads, which may silver and fall before they meet with thee again, those hands in holy benediction, and now as we depart to our separate paths, may we hear the soft echoes of thy good speed, like the distant tinkling of silvery bells, spurring us on to labor and success.

CLASS POEM.

MINNIE THURGOOD.

MANY songs have poets sung:
Of chivalry, and brave deeds done;
Of battles fierce on main, and field;
Of warriors brave with sword and shield.

Many and long the o'ft told tale
Of old time knights and coats o' mail.
We, too, invoke the poet's muse;
A gallant knight the theme we choose.

Ages long gone, so legends claim,
When life was passed with many a game
Of joust and brilliant tournament,
King Arthur's knights on quest were bent.

The Holy Graal, then so renowned,
With deep enchantment compassed round,
The cup our Savior drank from last,
When he from earth to Heaven passed;

To find this long lost cup of Heaven,
So long before to pure men given,
This was the object of their quest;
This strong desire each heart possessed.

Now while with glory all were bound,
They saw no person, heard no sound;
But there passed by the Holy Graal,
All covered with a pure white veil.

Then brave Gawain by vow did swear,
That for the Holy Graal he'd dare,
And for a year and day he'd seek;
So vowed they all with faces meek.

Then came a hermit, holy man,
And as each face he long did scan,
"Now peace be unto you, my lords"
'Twas thus he spake these very words.

"I have a knight so pure and young,
Tho' never yet by minstrel sung,
Sir Galahad, I bring to you,
Of kingly lineage, tried and true."

Sir Launcelot saw the gracious lad,
And of the youth great joy he had.
Then Galahad vowed, with all the rest
To join them in the holy quest.

Then Arthur cried: "You leave me not
'Till we joust and tourney at Camelot,
Lest as ye go, in this far race,
I never again behold your face."

* * * * * * *

The day dawned fair; and all around
Bright faces watched the tilting ground,
As Galahad without a shield,
Rode out upon the battle field.

Then showed he skill and courage, too,
As into combat fierce he drew;
And unhorsed all who came too near,
'Mid happy smiles and deafening cheer.

The morrow's sun, a darkened ball,
Looked down on lake and ivied wall;
Each maiden wore a heavy heart
For soon her knight was to depart.

The king and queen to minister went;
And many prayers to God were sent
For those who rode that day away,
For a whole year and for a day.

Sir Galahad rode out unarmed;
For four long days he rode unharmed.
An Abbey white he then did spy,
And there with speed himself did hie.

A shield he found, by no man wore
For that it hurt them all so sore.
Then Galahad the marvel asked,
And to his breast, the shield he clasped.

Nor hurt it him the chosen one
Of all the knights who then did run,
This was the secret of his art,
He had a pure and loving heart.

He rode now near, now far away,
All night he rode and then all day;
By gentle act, and kindly deed,
He ministered to pressing need.

Rescued a gentlewoman fair
With dark blue eyes and curling hair,
From ruffian, cruel, rude, and fierce,
Who with a lash her flesh did pierce.

And saved the life of Percival,
Who also sought the Holy Graal;
Then rode along toward the sea,
By grassy field and sunny lea.

To a lone hermitage he went;
While there a freshening night he spent;
The hermit good, with heart and voice
Lift up his head and did rejoice.

Then knocking loud without the door,
A gentle-woman pressed him sore
And asked to see, before the light,
The youth who was his guest that night.

And Galahad, for whom she sought,
By the old hermit forth was brought.
"Now arm, and mount, and follow me,
And great adventures you shall see."

So spake the maid, and forth rode he
Beside the maid toward the sea.
And from the water came the song
"Galahad, welcome ! we've waited long."

Then entered they the vessel's bow,
And there before them saw they now,
Sir Bohort, and Sir Percival,
Knights who had sought the Holy Graal.

So on they sailed, with wind and tide,
'Till rocks arose on either side,
Where was a ship both large and fair,
And without fear they entered there.

And on a silver table real,
There then appear'd the lost Sangreal.
Then Galahad prayed unto the Lord,
And worshiped him in deed, and word.

They now drove on across the main
Until they reached the land again;
And bore the holy table, too,
With pomp and splendor that was due.

* * * * * * * *

As met the knights of old at play,
So keep we class-day here to-day.
They had one day, Arthur's behest,
Before they started on their quest.

And we a day of song and joy
Have given us without alloy;
One day of happiness and rest
Before we start upon our quest.

These knights of old with purpose pure
Worked, labored, for a prize not sure,
And difficulties overcame,
Yet kept a pure and spotless name.

One object then before their eyes
An all-absorbing, matchless prize,
To persevere, to win the race,
Each kept this thought before his face.

So we, a purpose have in view
To live a noble life and true.
We'll persevere and win the race,
Which each has set before his face.

Our class-room days have passed away—
"Time waits for no man," as they say.
So we upon our quest will start,
With each a pure and happy heart.

And if we enter life's broad field
With grace and truth upon our shield,
We're sure to win what we essay;
All opposition must give way.

And now I wish for '90, fame,
For each a pure and spotless name.
May an endless life and crowns be given
To all our class, at the gates of Heaven.

CLASS PROPHECY.

ALICE P. DAVIS.

EVENING winds sigh softly, and mem'ry's mute refrain
Rolls back the years, presenting commencement day again.
The happy hours departed, long gone the joyous time,
When school room trials and troubles formed friendship's links sublime.
Years, busy years, oncoming, with grand achievements filled;
Inventions that have curbed the tides and lightning's echoes stilled.
A mammoth moon is finished to hang above the seas, —
Of fire red brick 'twas moulded in storm, and calm, and breeze;
The mariner may sight it above meridian's line,
An angel of bright hope and life, o'er the darkened waves to shine.
To see this fiery orb before 'tis hurled to endless space,
With the curious group about its moorings, I take my place.
Suspended by its copper cords of such gigantic length,
No choice but admiration for such genius, skill, and strength.
Within its vast apartments, too long I gazed, and found
Its props were cut beneath it, to let it to the ground,
Against the mighty fly-wheel, that tossed it as a ball,
Past air, sky, and mystic worlds, then gently let it fall
To orbit sphere prepared for it, by more than human power.
A thousand miles above the earth, I was in the swinging tower.
Accustomed soon to span the sphere, such joy 'tis almost pain,
The beloved class of "90" I see and hear again
And as I view their joys and griefs, success and failures too,
I exercise prophetic power and show them unto you.
Minnie Thurgood, a poetess, is brilliantly shining.
Flora Benson, a physician, now tends those pining.
Will Clark against all kinds of deviltry preaching,
Rosa Stone and Miss Brewster in school rooms are teaching.
A senior in college we find Fred Carlysle,
His thoughts in the dream-land of "Holland" the while.
Edith Vansickle, though unpenned her name
In the papers, or many editions of fame,
Sweet charities her daily tasks leaving,
Her presence brings comfort to those who are grieving.

GOVT PUBLIC LIBRARY

I see John Mershon in a barber's chair seated
My ears e'er alert to '90 are greeted
By these words: "I have my hair cut curly you know"—
John always was cut out for a beau.
In the Shakespearean Daily, under Tragic Reading,
John Morley's name as manager appears.
Fair Mittie Good does well as lady leading,
Unmoved alike by wild applause and cheers.
Bert Hamilton as Macbeth is terrible to behold.
You wouldn't have thought it were you not told
That Dr. Fred Osborn, who, all through his life
Has been a "Defender of Women" in strife,
Takes the uncanny part of the ghost.
Miss Hopkins on England's distant coast,
In sweet accordance with her taste,
Is called by all fair Lady Grace.
In the west, the poor red face, Miss Culver is ruling,
Giving the Indians good, solid schooling.
She thinks them ill-treated,
Has large volumes printed,
In which bold reforms are openly hinted.
No scandals appear, so her paper is fit for
The young folks as well as the aged predecessor.
M'liss, the wife of a rich senator,
At the capitol reigning society's queen,
Full of pleasure her life once calm and serene.
A real Daniel Webster, in Denver, arises,
And 'tis well known by all that he, the truth prizes.
A law suit is finished, where gold was at stake,
The side successful was pleaded by Drake.
From morning till noon, from noon till night,
He argues for "Doctrines of Justice and Right."
Belle Edwards still studies the classical lore,
Grace Reynolds is light hearted and gay, as of yore,
The wife of a farmer, the milk always skims,
At four in the morning her work she begins.
Halbert Culver, an agreeable, bright, errand boy
In a small country store, finds his world full of joy.
Maud Pendell is a floor walker, festive and gay
Dispensing patent smiles the live-long day.
Crowds surge to the theatre, allured by Eldreadi,—
The Italian of Eldred,—not even Patti
Can compare with her clear voice. When the sweet strain
Is ended, she is recalled, again and again.
Bessie McGregor as a preacher is famed,
At Fejee Islands, the heathen she has tamed.
And, May, so true no need to ask,

If fame has smiled on her great task;
Her name is sung in all the far lands,
The great World's Fair shows work from her hands,
A great artist, with her whole heart,
She gives her time to worlds of art.
In Mabel Holmes renown we see,
An author wise and great is she;
Her works are good, so all agree,
And many wish like her to be.
See Keeler leap,
In daring feat
Fly through the air,
All people stare,
And vote the circus a success,
Because young Julian did his best;
And loudest to applaud was she
Who soon his smiling bride will be;
All members of our class look on very sadly,
Because the acrobat bowed at the shrine of Miss Hadley.
Torie Grant is the mistress of a hair dressing store,
Stephen Stilwell is hired to sweep up the floor.
Jennie Connon is bound for the British Isles,
She'll travel months, enjoy herself the while.
The strains of music sweet and clear, now greets my ear,
The sound comes from a hand organ and I soon hear
'Tis played by Harry Newton, the famous organ
Grinder of the world, "Hey there Newton you move on!"
Is shouted by a well known voice, a policeman,
Henry Robinson. Then the organ was still ever more,
Not since has such strains reached my ears, nor e'er before.
Life out in the wide world is like life in the small school:
There are those who obey, there are those who rule.
Some do their task well, some few do it ill,
Of sorrows and pleasures all have their fill.
One thing I have noticed about beloved '90,
That whatever they undertake with a mighty
Will they accomplish it well. Not with folded arm
Calling on Hercules it is done. On the farm,
In the furrowed field, in the work shop, in the school room,
Or at the theatre; whether in the brick moon,
Or in the study, '90 always dignifies
The task before her making it grand, glorifies
The work by looking upon it as honorable.
Your fates, I have shown you, as well as I'm able.
Surprising things happen, you plainly see,
For such are the fates which the moon showed to me.

PICTURES FROM LITERATURE.

MAY TREANOR.

WHILE we were passing through the grand old halls of the High School lately, mysterious looking packages, and large red and black tanks were to be seen, the use of which was not understood. After pondering much on the use of those articles, I learned that they were parts of the new stereopticon. But the mystery had made such an impression on my mind that I saw that new stereopticon, even in my dreams.

'Twas evening it seemed, and a large and brilliant audience crowded the hall. The stereopticon was in its place, and at the appointed time the lights were turned down and the entertainment began.

The first scene that appears on the canvass is that of a man alone upon the shore of an island. He is dressed in the skin of wild animals, through his belt are thrust an ax, knives, and other weapons, and at his side he carries a gun. No other human being is visible, and he walks slowly along the shore. But suddenly he stops and stands as one transfixed, for he beholds the print of a man's naked foot upon the sand.

While this scene disappears, the next view is presented. It shows a kitchen of the time of the Puritan Fathers. The large fire place with its ornaments of china, the oak floor, and latticed window through which the blue sea and the sky, with its fleecy clouds, appear. But the central figure of the picture is that of a fair and beautiful girl; before her sits a handsome youth, holding a skein of yarn, while she slowly winds it about the ball. From the expression of her face, we might almost imagine we hear the Puritan maiden say, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

There is a striking contrast between the calm serenity of this scene and the tumult of the next, which shows, in the distance, broad fields of corn and beautiful orchards, through which the rebel army is moving toward the town. There, not one of all the flags which floated in the morning breeze is to be seen. Yes, there is one, which an heroic white-haired woman, whose face shows traces of deep sorrow, has placed in her attic window:—

"To show that one heart was loyal yet,
She learned far out on the window sill
And shook it forth with a royal will."

Again the scene changes, and this time the picture shown is that of a young and lovely woman, kneeling before an old man with a long gray beard. He is dressed in dark purple and wears a cap. He seizes her by her beautiful hair and stands holding a sword at her throat, as he fiercely seems to demand:—

"Very well, madam, very well,
But what does this little blood stain tell?"

The next picture proves to be more pleasing than this, for it portrays a broad street leading from a palace to the sea, through which a bright and gay throng of courtiers are passing. Ladies beautifully dressed in the fantastic costumes of the sixteenth century, gallant gentlemen attending them. Yet by the ceremony and courtesy extended to one of them it may be seen that she is their queen. In the street before her, is a small pool of water. The handsomest courtier of the throng hastily steps forward, takes from his shoulders the mantel richly embroidered in gold, and spreads it before her, that she may walk upon it.

Now the attention of the audience is transported to a beautiful scene, revealing a region of the Catskill Mountains. On a green slope lies a man asleep. He is dressed as if prepared for hunting, and at his side is his gun. Utmost silence reigns about the scene, except for the singing birds and the noise of the squirrels as they scramble about the trees. Now the man moves slightly, now turns, and stretches, then yawns, like one awakening from a deep sleep. He sits up, looks about him, with a bewildered air, reaches for his hat, but alas, only the rim of that hat remains. Then he calls, rises, and looks about him, like one greatly perplexed, he seizes his gun, but it falls to pieces the moment he touches it. He notices his clothing, which hangs in tatters about him. He starts to walk, but his step is uncertain and his whole appearance is of one completely nonplused and awed.

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Amid the applause of the audience, the scene changes and a castle, such as there is not another in the world, comes in view. And at the same time, a man appears carrying a basket filled with lamps and calling, "Who will exchange old lamps for new?" He is followed by a procession of children, shouting and jeering, that any one should give a new lamp for an old one.

In the following picture is seen the last of the wonderful one horse shay. There it lies:

"The poor chaise in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground.
How it went to pieces all at once!
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst."

And the deacon is sitting on a rock near by, looking at the lamentable spectacle in a dazed way.

Now a familiar picture comes in view: there is the green meadow, covered with new-mown hay, and the clear blue sky over head. In the foreground is a pretty country maiden raking the hay, light hearted and happy she goes about her work.

"Beneath her torn hat glowed a wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

After this comes a scene from a story, which we heard with awe and wonder in the days of our childhood. It presents an old woman, "Who doesn't know what to do," vainly endeavoring to drive her countless number of children into a shoe. One is crowded in at the toe, while another escapes at the heel, and still another makes his way through a hole in the side. And so the shoe and the old woman, still striving with her impossible task, disappear.

Following this, is a scene which depicts a moment of intense excitement. The interior of a vast amphitheatre is portrayed; its galleries thronged with people. The king, his daughter, and the court, in their places, while directly opposite are the fatal twin doors.

Now the noble youth advances into the arena. Every eye is turned upon him. All wait in breathless expectation to see the youth choose either his doom or his bride. Which of the terrible doors will he choose? He glances at the king's beautiful daughter. She makes the slightest movement to the right. Thus his fate is decided and he walks bravely to the door at the right. To which did it lead? To the Lady or the Tiger?

While each waits in terrible suspense, the view passes, and a garden is seen in which is a cherry tree. Beneath it stands a small boy with a hatchet in his hand; but no sooner did this become evident, than the stereopticon gave a groan, heart rending to hear, and my dream was scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

CLASS HISTORY.

HENRY ROBINSON.

IN writing the history of the illustrious "'90" the historian should combine the accuracy of a Gibbon, the narrative of a Herodotus and the descriptive powers of a Macaulay. Now if "90", in selecting a historian, indulged in the expectations that they had united all these excellencies, we may, perhaps, be considered over-modest by disclaiming the possession of so many qualities. Still if in writing this most important history, we satisfy the fastidious taste of our class, then indeed we are sure of the favorable judgment of posterity. Fully conscious of the importance of relating the most minute details for the instruction and guidance of Freshmen and Juniors we propose to write a history of the class from the time it first came together on the fourth day of September, 1886, through the four eventful years of its career.

When the eighty-four Freshmen assembled in room A, the teachers were impressed not only with the highly intellectual appearance of the class, but with the remarkable beauty of each individual member Indeed, so great an impression did the class make upon the teachers that they, or Prof. Thomas, thought it necessary to have some member near at hand most of the time. As time wore on, the novelty of the position gradually wore off; we were not so much terrified at Mr. Reed's savage looks when we "flunked" on a declension, or frightened at the command of the other teacher's "You may leave the room." We began to have ideas of our own. We didn't see what was the need of having more than one declension in Latin, or why English grammar was taught in the High School at all. In short, the teachers had an entirely original class with which to deal. This brilliant class,

in a few weeks, knew all the Latin that Mr. Reed ever did and a great deal more than the Juniors, which latter fact was shown when John Mershon, being entertained by Mr. Reed during the Cicero class, was asked by him to decline "*hic*" for the Juniors, which he did much to our satisfaction and their edification.

It was soon found the ordinary system of marking could not express, in round numbers, the ability of the class. A new system was originated making the standard eighty, thereby reducing it ten, but when undue joy was shown on the back seats at this announcement, Mr. Reed said "It would be harder to get through on the new standard at eighty than on the old at ninety," upon this, consternation took the place of joy.

On the whole the Freshman year was passed rather quietly, except now and then an admonition was given to Will Clark not to play with May Casey any more, and the Juniors were told to let the studious Freshmen, alone as they were there to improve their time. And improve our time we did. We knew every day when a teacher gave a "goose egg," and we had studied their make-up so closely that we could tell whether a teacher intended to "fire" anyone almost as soon as we "struck" a recitation room. In the spring, for the first time in our lives, we were told of the glorious resurrection of the earth after its sleep during the long, cold months of winter; that when nature was showing new signs of life and activity was a good time for us to improve every opportunity—"In short, young ladies and gentlemen, keep off the grass."

In the fall of '87 we came back, for the most part Sophomores, and with our full share of "gall," which usually characterizes the Soph. Some, indeed, had acquired such a liking for the Freshman year that they decided to spend another year with the kids. That year Miss Benn had charge of the Sophomores. Although somewhat reduced in numbers, we lacked nothing in courage to face the Sophomore year, whose stern realities began to show themselves, especially when we were called upon to do or die in demonstrating cube root. How well some of us can remember Miss Benn, sitting grim and silent throughout the demonstration, and when we were through, saying, "Well, Mr. Jones, but for that slight error in the terms, your demonstration would have been perfect; as it is you will receive a

zero." Oh, those indeed were trying times! The girls have reason to thank Miss Benn for giving them a "starter" in the right direction when she lectured to them one afternoon about writing notes. She kept them long after school, and pleaded hard, and finally convinced them that they hadn't better write any more notes, much to her satisfaction and the saving of several blocks of paper.

Miss Benn was very averse to cold weather and draughts. One day, at noon, for her accomodation, some of the boys gave the room a thorough drying by closing the doors, windows and blinds, and opening the register. Miss Benn fully appreciated their kindness by allowing some to go home for the rest of the day, while endeavoring to make an explanation.

During this year some of us had our first introduction to Spherical Geometry when some one made the brilliant proposal, "Lets put Shinny on the spherical blackboard and whirl him around. John didn't think it quite the thing, so he kicked over the blackboard nearly killing himself and almost destroying five or ten dollars worth of school property. The outcome of the affair was a long and eloquent lecture by Prof. Thomas about the privileges we were enjoying, and the necessity of improving every opportunity and of not destroying any school property.

A Lyceum was much talked of by the Juniors but it was only talk, and, as far as they were concerned, would have ended in talk had not "90" taken business into their own hands, and with a zeal which marks all their undertakings, they called a meeting and formed a Lyceum before the Juniors well knew what had happened. Nor must it be supposed this Lyceum died the death of all previous Lyceums. It continued to grow in numbers and influence until, at one time, it was considered a ruling power in High School circles. How the little Freshmen used to come to the meetings and listen with open mouthed wonder and astonishment to the words of wisdom and eloquence which fell from the lips of the members. But I am anticipating. After a warm debate it was decided not to admit any girls. The chief reason assigned was that it was well known among the boys that the girls could out-debate them on nearly all questions, and in a Lyceum would prove themselves equal to Goldsmith's schoolmaster, "Though vanquished they could argue still."

At the close of the year the boys of the class went on a picnic to the clam bake. Some enjoyed themselves in the chase and in playing ball, while others played pedro and watched the provisions.

But in spite of watchful care some one stole a bottle of Carlisle's ginger ale, and after drinking it filled the bottle with cold tea. Imagine Fred's disgust upon finding it out. However, we had a pleasant time, and it will ever linger in our memories as a happy ending of a most happy year.

It is all well enough to talk of Junior ease; but during that year we were not troubled with it to any great extent. However, the thought of beginning the last half of our course added greatly to our dignity and made us feel at least two inches taller. Among the most important events was an oratorical contest given by the Lyceum and open to the boys of the two upper classes. As this was the first contest open to High School members much interest was awakened. On the evening of December 21st, the Y. M. C. A. hall was crowded almost to overflowing. The prizes were gold badges. They were captured by Keeler, Hamilton and Morley for the Juniors, and Reichle for the Seniors.

During the winter the class organized for the first time. After much canvassing and deliberation Stilwell was elected President, Lula Holland Vice President, Keeler Secretary, and Grace Hopkins Treasurer. Surely a powerful combination. It is needless to say these officers carried us bravely over all difficulties and brought everything around in grand style.

On the tenth day of May, 1889, the Lyceum reached the first *meta* in its course. It was decided to have a grand celebration, and have one we did. It lacked the milk and water accompaniments which usually characterize school entertainments. Everything went off in grand style. Owing to the beautiful evening and the absence of an admission fee the "big room" was packed full. The performers and officers did their duty nobly, while the other members, freed from all responsibility thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

Our Junior Ex. was no exception to all others, being the best ever held. We all rejoice that we needed no aid from the Seniors or Freshmen. What wonders were wrought by the united eloquence of the class! Fire and water were ably discussed by Mittie Good and Maidie Culver. In the estimation of the class Mershon should have been sent to the International Prison Congress for his oration. Edith Vansickle's mathematical essay was very much admired; while Lula Holland's essay on "Homely Girls" could not apply to any girls in our class. But Mabel Holmes must have had "90" constantly in view in her essay on "Achievements of Thought." Melissa Weinecke

gave her views of the class in her "Eccentricities of Genius." Osborn, in his "Decay of Institutions," probably had reference to our "Merchant Marine," which Morley rebuilt to our satisfaction. Carlisle's oration on "The Influence of Oratory" was a well merited compliment to the Lyceum. Newton's "Application of Electricity" was probably for stirring up Sophomores. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was presented by Belle Edwards. This year was particularly marked by the consolidation of the Saginaws and the founding of a Physical Laboratory. The former, without the least shadow of a doubt, was due to Clark's oration on "Consolidation," while the latter was started by Keeler's masterly effort, wherein he set forth the needs of a Physical Laboratory.

Did we have a hop after the Ex.? Well, I guess so. It was said by some cranky Seniors that the hop spoiled the Ex. and that we ought not to have had any hop. They must have been those who held forth in the gallery when the boys went around collecting.

To every truthful historian more or less unpleasant duties occur. We are thankful to say thus far we have had none. But, after all expenses were paid from the hop we had about twenty-five dollars. This we divided among ourselves instead of investing it wisely as some advised. We now see our mistake, and trust that classes following will profit by our experience.

Our Senior year is still fresh in the minds of all and needs but a hasty skimming over of the important events. We had long since thrown off our mantle of verdancy which characterized us as underclassmen. We now shone forth with all the dignity of a Senior. From our lofty position as Seniors we look down upon the Juniors with disdainful patronage. The Juniors once thought that they had an opportunity to impose on strangers the belief that they were Seniors. Owing to the large number of Freshmen, they were consigned to our room under charge of Miss Fairchild. For the time being we were in Mr. Goddard's room. They strutted about and did not materially assist Miss Fairchild in her endeavors for their improvement. Junior frivolity would crop out to such an extent it must have discouraged their teachers. "What a fall there was, my countrymen," when Mr. Reed announced that room had been made for them in their old quarters, to which they crept back, an humbler if not wiser class.

In the early part of the year it was proposed by some Senior members of the Lyceum to start a High School paper. After much consideration a paper was started called the "Lyceum Advocate." To

say the least it was a success, and stands as a fitting monument to "90"s industry and perseverance.

Of course we soon made the acquaintance of "Pius Aeneas." But, judging from what Miss Purmort used to say, we concluded that we could become much more familiar with Aeneas and his followers with much more application. Vergil came near bereaving the class of one of it shining members. Being nearly choked with grief at the sufferings of "Pius Aeneas" Clark had to be excused from the class. Morley deeply sympathized with Clark on this occasion.

It soon became evident that the class must organize, as matters of much importance were daily occurring. Osborn was accordingly selected President, Edith Vansickle was made his right hand man and Grace Hopkins, Secretary. It was easy for the class to choose all its representatives but the historian. In other walks of literature the class abounded in talent of high order. We had scientific and political writers, editors and even poets, who had won admiration from all whom their productions reached. But, as history was an untried field, the selection of historian was necessarily left to the fates, with Keeler as *Pontifex Maximus.* He accordingly invited the stags of the class to his house on Thursday evening, March 6, to assist in his auguries and divinations. The girls were necessarily left out, as Keeler's attention would have been so much distracted by their presence he could not have proceeded with his sacred duties. Good fare and fun was the order of the evening until the time came for Keeler to proceed with his divinations. The auguries were not conducted quite according to classical customs, there being neither sacred chickens nor silvery white geese, but a good sized cake, in which was concealed a gift. And Keeler, the *Pontifex Maximus*, declared the result of his auguries—"he who received the present would be historian of the class." The present was a beautiful gold pen, an appropriate emblem of the historian's duty, and a souvenir of one of the pleasantest events in our course.

About this time an event happened which the girls think exceedingly funny. It was simply a resurrection of the old feeling which we mentioned had taken possession of the teachers while we were Freshmen. The boys were only requested to take the front seats in chapel, that's all. The teachers liked to have us where they could see us and where the girls might have set before them a shining example of behavior. Soon the Freshmen began to grow restless, and, as they had to find vent somewhere for their animal spirits, they, together

with the Juniors, challenged the Sophs. and Seniors to a game of foot ball. To be sure we had played in the early part of the year, but it was not much of a match, and as "90" did not turn out in very great numbers we "got left." But this time we were out in full force. We had recently had our lungs upholstered and extra soles fastened to our shoes. On the afternoon of May 23d we appeared on the public square, clothed in our right minds and in as disreputable a lot of old clothes as ever was seen. Our minds were fully made up to win that game. The Freshmen and Juniors were just as sanguine in their hopes. Drake was chosen captain for "90" and Winning for the Juniors. The game progressed smoothly (that is for foot ball), except when, once in a while, some unfortunate was stepped on and jammed almost out of shape. At 5:30, the time to stop the game, no result had been reached. The score stood 13 to 13. The captains decided to play out the tie. And now came the time for every Senior to work as he had never worked before. And work we did. "90," with the aid of the Sophs., made the Juniors think the world was made of foot balls. And, in almost less time than it takes to tell, the ball was in the road, and "90" had gained immortality in foot ball records. The victorious cheers of the class echoed far away, while the Juniors went home sadder and wiser. For some time it had been necessary to give them an illustration of our physical superiority. And we trust the lesson given on that occasion will not be lost to them.

It was said by some that much class spirit was shown. But let us take this opportunity to ask what is class spirit? Does it consist principally in a senior's willingness to spoil his last installment of Sunday pants to make life miserable for the underclassmen? Does it consist principally in a Senior's willingness to stay up half of the night to put a Junior over the fence? Does it consist merely in wearing class colors and a class pin? Ah, no! It is rather proved in the thrill which each of us experiences at the mere mention of the name "90." It is rather proved by the love each one of us bears to the class and to the scenes to which we have become accustomed during our course.

During the last part of the year we attempted to find out in what condition "90" would go forth into the world.

To begin at the begining we will give a sketch of the understanding of the class. About the boys' feet there is nothing very remarbable, as a No. niner will cover the largest, Osborn being the happy possessor of them. The average is between 6 and 7. But from

reports we would judge some of the girls came from either Chicago or Bay City. Maud Eldred and Stella Hadley claim to wear No. 9 shoes, while Melissa Weinecke breaks all records by wearing a pair of 12's. But we would not have you think for a moment all the girls' shoes are that large. The average is $3\frac{1}{2}$, while the smallest is 1.

There are some remarkable coincidences in the ages of some of the members of "90." Minnie Thurgood claims to be sweet sixteen yet born in 1870. Maud Eldred says she is fascinating seventeen and that she was born in the year one. Bessie McGregor is fifteen plus, and says she was born April 1st. Rosa Stone claims to be an old maid of 45 summers. The boys are out of the age competition as their ages range from seventeen to twenty. The average height of the girls 5 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The average height of the boys is 5 feet 5 inches. The average waist measure of the girls is 26 inches. And it is a remarkable coincidence that the boy's arms are just 27 inches. The boys take a hopeful view in regard to their prospects of a mustache, and some even claim to have discovered certain surface indications.

The birthplace of the class range from Switzerland, where Maud Eldred was first heard from, through Scotland and the Mediterranean sea, taking in Greenland, where Minnie Thurgood was born, to America, the birthplace of the remainder of the class. There were 9 born in Saginaw, 2 in Michigan, 1 in New Orleans, 1 in Iowa, 1 in Wisconsin, 1 in Missouri and 1 on the battle field of old Tecumseh.

The literary tastes of the class are far above the average. Some prefer Scott and Dickens for their authors, while others are partial to Chas. Dudley Warner, Emerson and Mark Twain. Some even select Olney as their favorite author. Doubtless they most admire his work on Solid Geometry. Shakespeare, Longfellow, Tennyson and Burns are the favorite poets of some, while others show their marked literary tastes by admiring the poetical works of Mable Holmes and Minnie Thurgood.

To the majority of the girls their crisis has not yet come. But they expect it when they receive a proposal. Maud Eldred says hers came when a Freshman proposed to her last fall. The crisis of the boys are far in advance of the girls. Keeler says his "came first term—Sophomore year—never mind." Doubtless he feels delicate on the subject. Hamilton's crisis came when he left the Junior, entered the Senior year and took up the study of Geometry. "What a

joy life has been ever since" he says. Culver thinks his crisis came when he was born.

It has been the duty of the historian to ascertain the girls' opinion of the boys and the boys' opinion of the girls. There is a wide range of views, from the gloomy despondency of some to the enthusiastic admiration of others. And we cannot help drawing the conclusion that many have tasted the bitter waters of disappointment. Clark evidently has met his crisis and passed into the valley of humiliation. He says "the girls of "90" are smart but they can't flirt with the Freshman girls." Stilwell, on the other hand, rears his lotty head among the stars. Just hear him: "Without them (the girls of "90") life would be a fearful chaos, rayless and hopeless, void of all pleasure." Stella Hadley expresses her admiration of "90" boys in poetic numbers, as "too delightfully squee ge mum for any utterance." Maidie Culver says "Man's a riddle which man can't expound," but thinks many of the girls of "90" will use their best endeavors to expound it. The general opinion expressed by the girls is that the boys are very bright but have a realizing sense of their own importance. The opinion of the boys, with a few exceptions, is, "90" girls are hard to beat in any way.

And now the time has come to close our imperfect record. And soon must we part never to meet again as a class. We must move on to make room for others. Yet as travelers, who have journeyed all through the day, reach, at length, some hilltop which marks a conclusion of a stage of their journey, it is a pleasure for them to turn their eyes backward and gaze over the land through which their route was taken. Distance and time now hide all their half forgotten difficulties, the hard, steep ascents disappear. The setting sun, which had before wearied them with its midday heat, now casts a flood of golden rays. The places marked by friendly intercourse and hospitable entertainment are seen in the golden sunset. And so we, who for the past years have journeyed together through our High School life, as we look back from this class meeting, will recall nothing but the pleasant places and dear remembrances. Difficulties are to-night forgotten. Hard words or unpleasant feelings pass away with the passing of this night. Kind words and friendly associations rise up

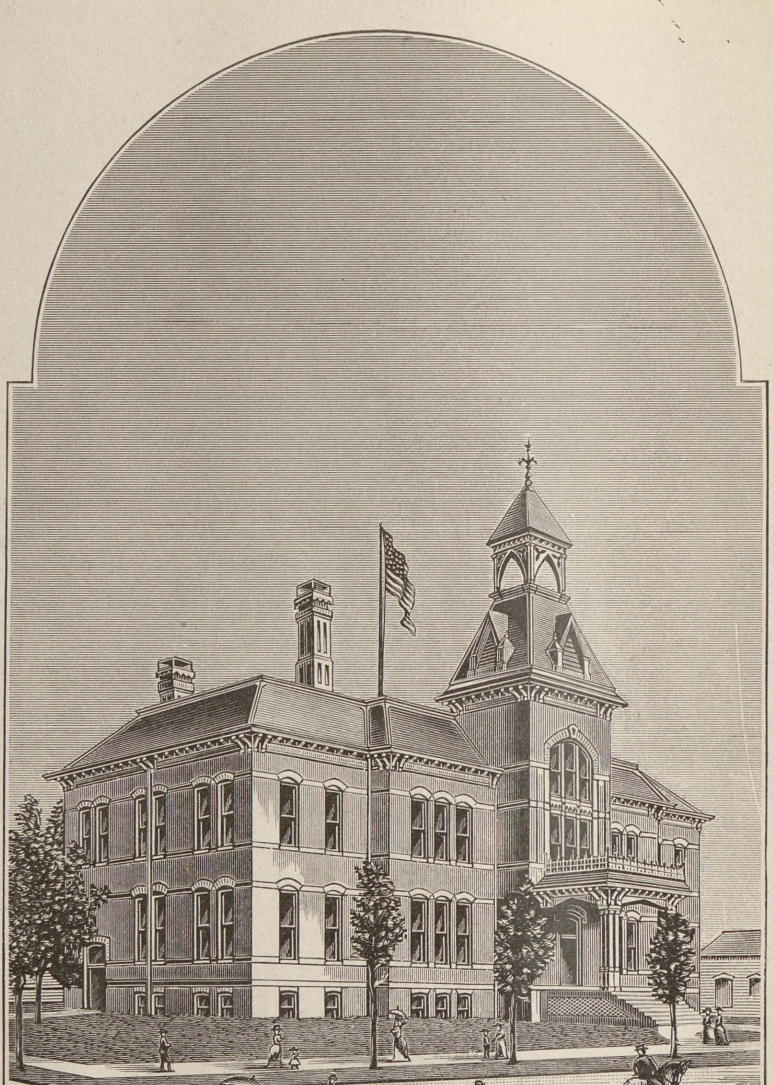
to be forever the recollected words and associations which shall come to mind whenever in all our lives we shall think of the High School and the class of "90," its ambitions, its busy rivalries. We linger on the threshold. Very soon familiar voices will die away, and the irresistable stream bear us on.

ALPHABETICAL ESSAY.

MABLE E. HOLMES.

The Senior class of '90, you know,
Have a mania for verse;
So actually they'd like, I trow,
Their names in lines true and terse.
Now:
A—is for Alice, tall and majestic,
Who'll be president some day;
B—is for Belle, not inclined to romantic,
A profound student, they say.
C—is for Clark, with first name Will,
Known far and wide for his flirting.
D—is for Drake, whom we think is still
Of Milton and Emerson speaking.
E—is for Edith, plump and petite,
Destined as "sombody's darling;"
Or it may stand for Emma, whose head is so sweet,
Thick with golden curls quite entrancing.
F—is for Freddie–to whom it is meet
To remain in Lue's company, charming;
Or it may stand for Flora, who very hard works,
And never a single study shirks.
G—is for Grace, so stylish and neat,
With patent leathers on her feet,
Or G–is for another Grace,
With always bright sauciness on her face.
H—is for Henry and also for Hal;
One historian, one arguer we call.
It is also for Hamilton, who is so tall,
One of the best boys of them all.
I—is the "I" which marks "our conceit."

J—is for Julian, a very smart boy—
A "pulcher Iulus" in our High School Troy,
And remember it also stands for John,
Whose head is what we all call "long,"
J-is for Jennie, a blonde so tall—
In fairness she far exceeds us all.
K—represents the vigorous "kick"
Which made the "class song" music sick.
L—let us pass to consider the "M,"
That most important letter "M:"
Now:
M—is for Mable and also for mumps,
M-is for Maidie, who'll soon pack her trunks,
M-is McGregor, not mentioned by Scott,
M-May, is the sweetest of the lot,
M-Maud, a charming singer is, and
M'lis is a pretty and smart young miss,
M-Mittie's the girl we all call Good, and
Maud as a Pendell on our list has stood;
This then is the very last of the "M's,"
Which I fear has frightened away the "N's."
O—is for Osborn, of scientific head,
Some day we'll call him "Dr." Fred.
P—we are well acquainted with "Pete,"
Or Harry, who has the dimple sweet.
Q—is a question we'll leave incomplete.
R—is the Rose, in this case a Stone,
S—Stella, a continual "smiler" has grown;
S-is for "Shinny" a slim little man;
S-"Scottie," is hovering near Nellie's hand;
T—Torie, is known for her great long name.
U—'tis quite useless to seek in our train.
V—we've mentioned before in this verse,
And X, Y, Z-have gone off to rehearse.



Saginaw, (E. S.) High School.

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

SUPT. C. B. THOMAS.

THE prosperity of a city is always best expressed in the growth of its various institutions and departments of business. These comprise its life and become exponents of its spirit. Among the institutions which fairly represent the character and energy of our city none are more conspicuous than the Public Schools, with the High School at their head.

The High School, as a part of the School System of Michigan, had its birth before East Saginaw was a city. The laws of the state were framed in broad terms whenever they touched the subject of Education. Largely permissive in character, they gave to the people the right to educate their children according to their own standards; and, as the pioneers of the state believed in Education as the foundation of good citizenship, and in mental and moral training as the basis of culture and character, they pushed their educational standards to a high level. Out of laws giving large powers to local Boards of Education, out of obedience to the popular voice, and out of funds supplied by general taxation—from this tripple source came the Michigan High School.

When the Michigan University was first established it was subdivided, and its parts, or branches, were located in different portions of the state, that its benefits might be most widely extended. Later these "branches" were wisely concentrated at Ann Arbor, and the High Schools, the modern "branches" of the University, have become popular seats of learning in every village and city of the state.

Our own High School does not differ materially in its development from that of many others in Michigan. As the vigorous young city of East Saginaw grew in population and resources, its citizens desired the best possible opportunities for their children. Therefore they maintained Schools on a very liberal financial scale and put in charge of them teachers of high reputation and recognized ability.

About 1867, under the superintendency of Hon. Joseph Estabrook, and under the immediate instruction of Professor Vrooman,

the High School was made a distinct department of the city Schools, with prescribed courses of study. In 1871 the first class was regularly graduated. It consisted of six members, all ladies: Miss Ara Avery, Miss Hattie F. Goldie, Miss Ardie Merrill, Miss Ida Midler, Miss Gertie Safford and Miss Hattie Woodruff.

This first graduation took place nineteen years ago. Since then more than 350 young people have received diplomas from the High School, and have gone forth, with such equipment for life and its duties as the School can give, to make their way in the world.

Naturally English branches found most favor in the earlier courses of study. Soon, however, the study of Ancient and Modern languages became popular, and when the University at Ann Arbor resolved to admit to its courses graduates from approved schools without re-examination at the University, the East Saginaw High School was among the the first to avail itself of the privilege. On examination by the Faculty of the University, all its courses of study were found adequate for University requirements, and its teachers were recognized as capable and accomplished. Its graduates have ever since been welcomed at the University, for their thorough preparation and scholarly spirit.

Collegiate recognition of our graduates is, however, not limited to the University. They are admitted on certificate at all our State Colleges, at Smith s College, Mass., at Vassar and at Wellesley.

At present the plan of work in the High School includes five courses of study known as the English, English-German, Scientific, Latin and Classical Courses. In September next, the Board have determined to add a Business Course, intending to offer a special preparation to those not desiring high scholarly attainments, but rather an equipment for a successful business career. It is intended to secure competent instructors for this new department and to make it one of the most popular and valuable in the school.

The Laboratories of the High School are worthy of special mention. During the last five years the Chemical Laboratory has been supplied with chemicals and apparatus for a most thorough study of affinity, including qualitative analysis. So complete has this work been made that our graduates frequently take advanced standing in Chemistry in the University.

The Board of Education makes generous appropriations each year for laboratory equipment, and the apparatus already accumulated puts the school in the very front rank for Scientific Teaching.

Last year a Physical Laboratory was opened, that instruction in Physics might be given in the most effective manner. This department, like that of Chemistry, is well supplied with the best apparatus, and is especially rich in means of studying electricity and its many practical applications.

In the study of Physics, by the Laboratory method, it is expected that the student will construct much of the illustrative apparatus used. During the past year the students in Physics have, in this way, contributed much to the completeness of our physical apparatus, many of the instruments made being of excellent workmanship, and of permanent value.

In no way is the appreciation of this department of the schools made so conspicuous as by the rapid increase in its enrollment. It will be worth while to show this in actual figures:

Year.	No. Enrolled.	Average Number Belonging.	Average Daily Attendance
1874.	90	61	59
1875.	103	82	79
1876.	147	106	103
1877.	149	94	90
1878.	113	92	89
1879.	102	82	77
1880.	112	92	89
1881.	184	151	148
1882.	171	141	137
1883.	219	179	173
1884.	235	195	192
1885.	238	189	186
1886.	255	216	214
1887.	267	220	218
1888.	292	233	227
1889.	296	252	246
1890.	317	249	242

In 16 years, enrollment in the High School has increased 250 per cent. In ten years, 180 per cent.; in the last five years 33⅓ per cent. Indeed, the High School, like a fast growing boy, is outgrowing its garments. The house so recently erected for it is already inadequate, and one of the immediate needs of the city is a new, or enlarged building, capable of accommodating 400 or 500 pupils.

This sketch should not end without appreciative mention of those who have been closely identified with its history and progress. As a distinct department of the city schools, it was organized under the Superintendency of that noble leader in Michigan Education, the Hon. Joseph Estabrook, now Sup't of Public Instruction, known and honored throughout and beyond the borders of the state. As Principal of the High School he had with him Professor Vrooman who, later, became Professor of Latin in the State Normal School, at Ypsilanti. Superintendent Estabrook retired in 1871, at the time of the graduation of the first class, and was followed by the Hon. Horace S. Tarbell. For six years, 'till 1877, Mr. Tarbell remained at the head of the Schools, giving them the benefit of his scholarly attainments, his high character and executive ability. He resigned to accept the Superintendency of the State, and was succeeded by Sup't Joseph C. Jones. Mr. Jones was a man of excellent attainments and of great vigor in administration. Under his Superintendency the High School rose rapidly in rank and consideration, was accepted as a preparatory school by the University, and took high rank among the good schools of the State. Five years ago Mr. Jones accepted a position with the Harper Bros. publishing house, in New York, and the vacancy was filled by the appointment of Mr. C. B. Thomas. During these last five years the School has continued to prosper; its numbers have risen rapidly, new teachers have been added each year to meet the needs of the time, and the High School, in its teaching force and in its scholarly spirit, has a reputation second to none in the state.

But the Superintendency deals with all the schools of the city, and the Principal of the High School, with his assistants, is more directly concerned with its growth and reputation. During the period covered by this sketch the School has had five Principals, Mr. O. D. Thompson, now of Romeo, Mr. Olliver G. Owen, Mr. Chas. T. Beatty, Mr. F. A. Parker and Mr. John O. Reed. Prof's Owen and Parker held the position but a brief time each, and their impress upon the schools is hardly traceable. Prof. Thompson is still remembered as an earnest, conscientious instructor, and his success in other fields

adds to the reputation he acquired here. Prof. Chas. T. Beatty still lives among us, and his pupils are found in almost every home in the city. Among them and their parents his name is always mentioned with such respect and commendation as to put his ability and success as a teacher forever beyond question. Prof. Reed's work is not yet complete. He is still building; the scaffolding still obscures the structure he is rearing, and its full proportions cannot be seen. But, when the scaffolding shall come down and the view be unhindered, we shall doubtless find the workmanship solid, broad and enduring. His unflagging effort and vigorous teaching have done much for the High School.

Through all these years the High School has had a choice selection of subordinate teachers. The University has contributed many of its strongest students to our corps of instructors, and to their fine scholarship and thorough instruction is due, in no small degree, the scholarly spirit manifested by its graduates. Conspicuous in this list of able instructors are the principals, Miss Allie Van Hoosen, and that distinguished woman, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who gave us several years of service when those powers were just opening which since have made her famous.

In conclusion it can be said, without hesitation, that our High School has a record to be content with. It was organized by strong men, it has since been in skillful hands, it has had able teachers and has them now, it is generously supported by the Board of Education and by popular approval. May it long continue to prosper!

Class Day Exercises.

Class of '90.

President's Address,	Fred A. Osborn.
Music,	Fred Carisle.
Class History,	Henry Robinson.
Poem,	Minnie Thurgood.
Music—Solo,	Maud Eldred.
Essay,	May Treanor.
Class Prophecy,	Alice P. Davis.
Music—Solo,	Mable Holmes.
Oration,	Vivian S. Drake.
Music,	

TOASTS

TOAST MASTER, - - - - - - STEPHEN S. STILWELL.

"Whether we shall meet again, I know not,
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;—
Forever, and forever, farewell."

THE TEACHERS, - - - - - - J. BURT HAMILTON.

"They smile so when one's right,
And when one's wrong they smile still more."

BOYS OF "90", - - - - - - - - EMMA BREWSTER.

"It matters not what men assume to be;
Or good or bad they are, but what they are."

GIRLS OF "90", - - - - - - - - FRED CARLISLE.

"To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

HIGH SCHOOL, - - - - - - PROF. JOHN O. REED.

"Giving out year by year,
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear;
Brave boys, modest maidens in beauty sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its work."

OUR CONCEIT, - - - - - - - - MABLE HOLMES.

"We think our fathers fools so wise we grow."

OUR SUCCESSORS, - - - - - - JULIAN A. KEELER.

"They who go feel not the pain in parting;
It is they who stay behind that suffer."

CLASS OF "90", - - - - - - HALBERT E. CULVER.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear—
Thou ever wilt remain."

Members of Class of '90.

Genevieve Connon,	*English-German*
Victoria Grant,	" "
Maude Eldred,	*Scientific*
Emma Brewster,	*Latin*
Florence Benson,	*English-German*
Vivian S. Drake,	*English*
Halbert E Culver,	*English-German*
Alice Davis,	" "
Mary Good,	" "
Stella Hadley,	" "
J. Burt Hamilton,	*English*
Julian A. Keeler,	*Scientific*
John D. Mershon,	*English-German*
Harry R. Newton,	*Scientific*
Frederick A. Osborn,	*Latin*
Maud Pendell,	*English-German*
Grace Reynolds,	" "
Stephen S. Stilwell,	*Scientific*
Rose Stone,	*English-German*
May Treanor,	" "
Edith Van Sickle,	*English*
Melissa Weinecke,	*English-German*
Frederick Carlisle,	*Classical*
William H. Clark, Jr.,	"
Mary Culver,	*Latin*
Belle Edwards	"
Mable Holmes,	"
Grace Hopkins,	"
John E Morley,	*Classical*
Henry T. Robinson,	"
Elizabeth McGregor,	*English*
Marion Thurgood,	*English*

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ZOOMLET,	WILL H. CLARK.
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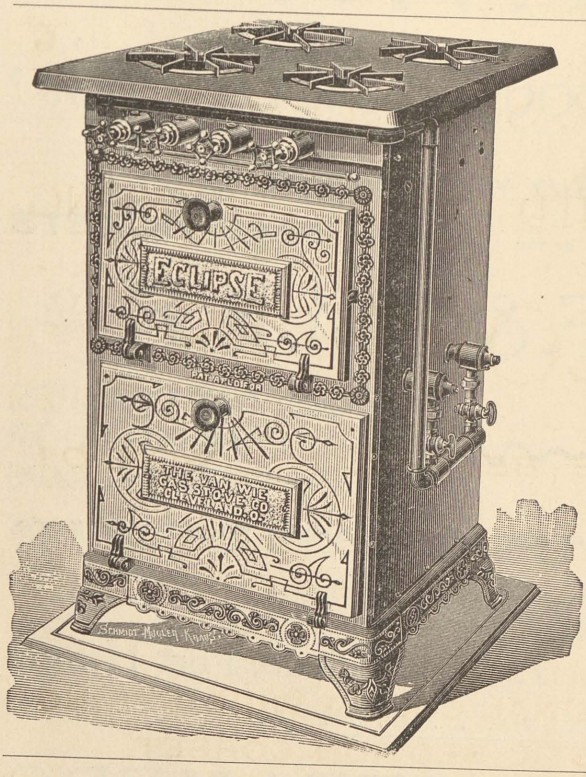

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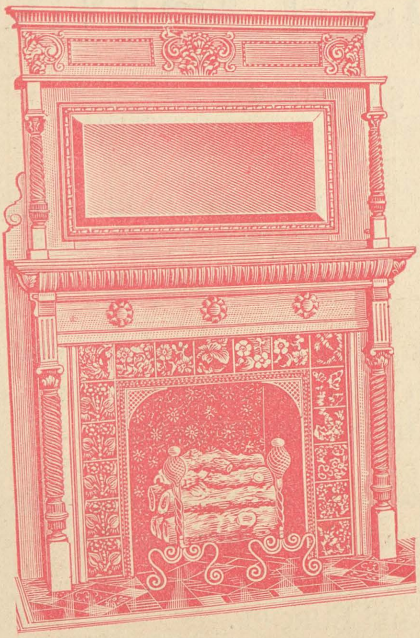

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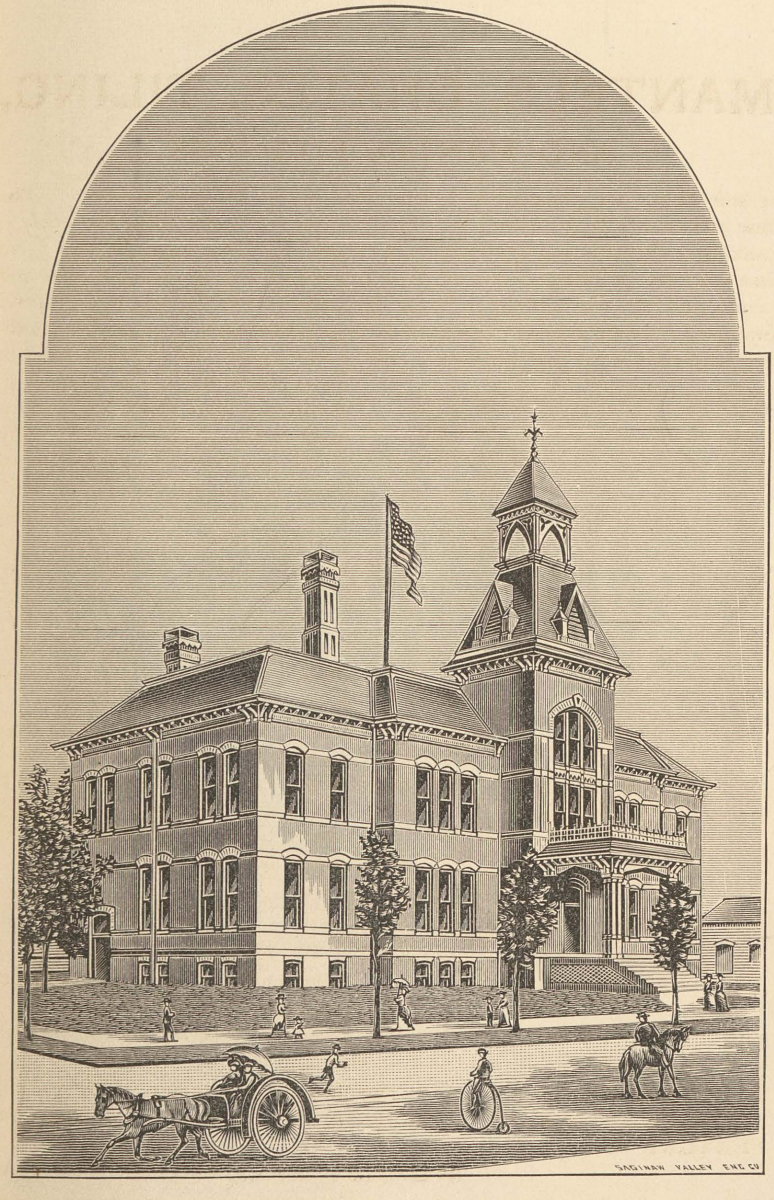

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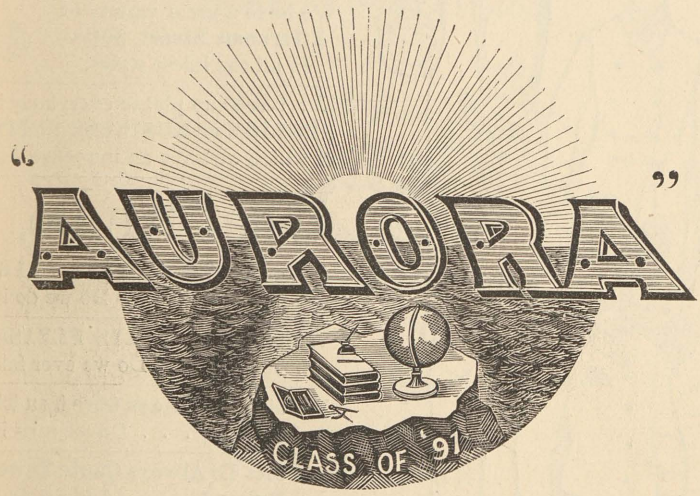
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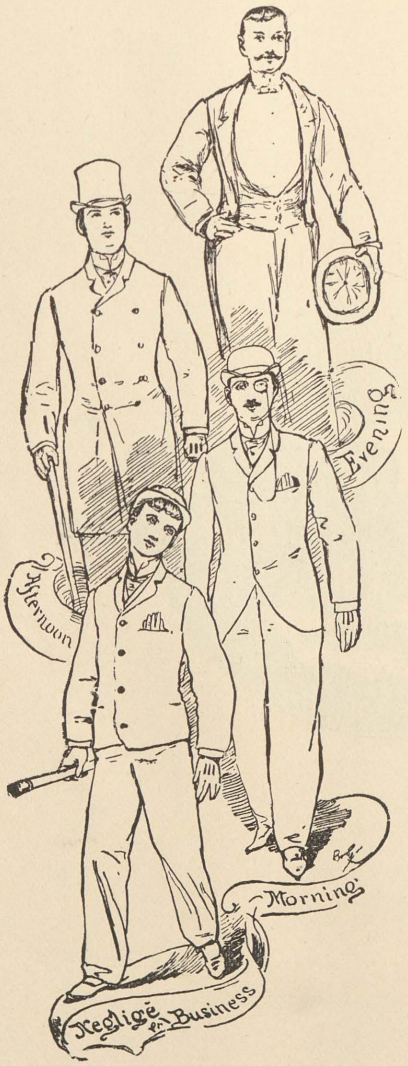

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TO

MR. JOHN O. REED,

OUR BELOVED TEACHER AND FRIEND,

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

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FRED OSBORN,
Assistant in Physics and Chemistry.

EDITH VAN SICKLE,
Librarian.

In Memoriam.

HERBERT M. FROST.

TO those who were present at the impressive and beautiful services March 20th, 1891, no further testimony can be needed to show the esteem in which our beloved teacher was held by both his friends and pupils.

Pure in thought, word and deed, with a bright smile and a kind word for all he met, deceased was one of the noblest and most lovable of men.

Ever willing to render assistance in any way within his power, he won the respect, confidence and love of all his pupils.

Mr. Frost was born at Light House, Ogle County, Ill., December 27th, 1863. He lived in Illinois till the fall of 1884, when the family removed to Ann Arbor. Here, after attending the Ann Arbor High School, he entered the University, and was graduated from there in the year 1890.

In September of the same year he entered the Saginaw (East Side) High School as a teacher of Greek and Latin; but only held this position for a short time, when taken suddenly ill with pneumonia, he passed away March 19th, 1891.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

WILL P. WINNING.

CLASS OF '91: We have at last realized that desire which has been our aim, you might say our only aim, for a great many years. The bonds, which have united us so closely in the past, shall be torn apart and we will go out into other fields of labor.

Four years ago we graduated from the graded schools, entered the High School and took up our work as Freshmen. Our work in the graded schools was preparatory work, but when we entered the High School then commenced the work of higher cultivation. As the sculptor chips away at his marble little by little, until at length you see before you the statue, so with us, as little by little our mental faculties were cultivated, our thoughts widened, the sharp corners rounded, and the rough places made smooth through the process of learning, until we reached the point of graduation. Now as we stand on the threshold that separates us from a new life, we no longer move in the same path, but each goes his way to fail or succeed. May God grant that each member of the class of '91 shall have so improved his opportunities that, as time passes by and he lays down his work on this earth, God may say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

Before we separate, each to go his way in life, let us thank those instructors who have been so faithful and patient,—if we did wrong we were readily forgiven,—and who not contented with the valuable services they have bestowed upon us as instructors, have bound themselves to us as friends and tried to point out the errors in life.

Classmates, as we go out into the world, let us carry with us a deep and true affection for the grand old Class of '91, and as the years pass let us always look back upon it as one of the brightest spots in our lifetime.

CLASS HISTORY.

THE history of a class is essentially the description of the doings of that class, but in order to be of more than passing value to its members, it must also touch upon the relations existing between the classmates during their school life. In writing a class history the Historian cannot enjoy the many advantages, the poetic licenses permitted to the Poet, the Orator and the Prophet. The power of his imagination may be ever so brilliant, his fancy ever so *rich*—they are of no value to him, because he must deal in cold, solid facts, facts which are established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The events which happened during our early school life seemed of so little importance at the time that no particular notice was taken of them. But looking backward, and as it is from an highly elevated standpoint, things assume a different shape. When ascending a mountain the traveller can enjoy the beautiful details of scenery along his path, but the proportions and relations of these details to each other, the glorious panorama in its completeness are unveiled to him only when he stands upon the summit and gazes around. So is it with the little episodes of our early school days. Regarding them with the intelligence which education has given us, they lose at once their insignificance, they are well linked together, presupposing each other, and in the whole they have been of great importance to make this class what it is at the present day,

THE INVINCIBLE CLASS OF '91.

On a beautiful September morning in the year 1887 a number of bright looking boys and girls made their debut in the halls of the High School and were quartered in the back seats of the "Big Room." Nobody ever dreamed that this happy

band of students was destined to play the leading part in the drama of High School Life for the four years to come. A characteristic feature of this new class was its inborn spirit of modesty, therefore they thought it improper to mark their first year's career by any great acts. A portion of the time was spent in becoming accustomed to the habits and manners of our worthy principal; the remaining and by far the greater part was spent by the teachers in growing familiar with the studious class they were to educate.

A few weeks after school had opened and everything was running smoothly, Mr. Reed kindly "invited" us to "collect our books," and make ready to vacate. In about five minutes the aspect of the room had entirely changed. According to the Scripture—"the last shall be the first"—those who had thus far enjoyed the remoteness of the back seats now found themselves face to face with the rostrum, a neighborhood not particularly desirable; all cosy little corners were abruptly broken up, the former occupants being separated by wide expanses of Junior-inhabited seats. After the newness of this change had worn off, and everybody was reconciled to his or her fate, numerous acquaintances were formed, and the rest of the year passed off very pleasantly.

Finally there dawned upon the class a day when they found themselves no longer Freshmen, but Sophomores, a class of students much talked about. We pursued the course mapped out for us with greater zeal and untiring industry, in fact, we cultivated our mental powers to such an extent that we had little, if any time for out-door sports and worldly pleasures. Some of us had accumulated such a stupendous store of intellect that we had outgrown the limits of the Sophomore room, and had to be transferred to the abode of the Seniors. "*Ex ungue leonem.*"

One of these last who completed his H. S. course before it was finished had a private interview with our Prex. for trying to immortalize his name on a Senior desk. But the effect of this interview gradually wore off; so did the name. Thus the

second year was spent without much deviation from the straight and narrow way. The class waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and was beloved by the teachers and the community.

Next we appeared before the public as Juniors, and our third year of H. S. life was fraught with numerous events of interest. It was at this time that the class of '90 was bodily thrown from their stronghold to Mr. Goddard's Geometry room, and the Juniors marched up with stately tread and took possession of the Senior's room. The Physical Laboratory, founded by our wonderful class, achieved an overwhelming success, and is now a permanent branch of the H. S. course. Among the out-door sports foot ball was one of the favorite pastimes of our class, in the pursuit of which we showed our power by being victorious in numerous hotly contested games. In one of our games our worthy leader, Mr. Goddard, presented himself a candidate for bruises and torn clothes. He left the field a sadder and a wiser man.

It is customary for the Juniors to hold a Junion Ex. and hop sometime in spring, and we kept up the record. It was here "that boy Coats" made his "debut by hurling invectives at the press" in his Ex. oration. The press in return raked him over the coals, but his arguments were so convincing that the efforts of his antagonist were powerless. There was much opposition to a hop, but after considerable debating it was decided to have one. The hop brought our "Antonius" into prominence. The days of his tender youth were spent under the village chestnut, and therefore he saw no sense in "dancing around on his head, and making his feet swim," but he at last succumbed to popular sentiment and became the swell of the hop. (What's the matter with a picnic??) Again we prepared for vacation, and our third year ended with the good wishes of our teachers.

The most notable event in the annals of H. S. history was our triumphal entry into the Senior year. And here we have shone in all our glory! We were initiated into the mysteries of chemistry and created the world over again by our zealous

endeavors in the laboratory. We spied upon nature in its secret workings, learned to distinguish famous odors (H_2S for inst.), and added a new chemical to our list, which can be found in the laboratory labeled "Richardson Sulphate." It is an expensive article, and its only use is for testing "hot solutions."

It was during Anthony's career as a Senior that he wooed, won, loved and lost over eight of the fair sex, and is now looking for "the girl he left behind him."

As our class stood so high, Mr. Reed thought us able to go further in scientific researches than any Senior class before ever had done, and so he led some of our members into the intricacies of Trigonometry. 'Tis indeed a tricky study, and one needs to look out in order not to confound sinus a with asinus. R— Mc— who left us in the third year joined us to study "Trig." He left us again and spent his time in sporting a mustache. It was a difficult task for him, but he leads us all. He is looked up to by the Juniors with awe and reverence; the Freshmen think he is a good object to tell which way the wind blows, some kind of a weather-vane. The one trouble and worry of our Senior year was "Note Books," and the bye-word originated "Note Books Tuesday." But we like (?) them for all, and Kitty says—'Them's my sentiments too.'

One Tuesday morning the aspirants to Commencement honors were told their fate. Wonderful to relate, twenty-five of us were made happy with appointments. Again we showed our superiority, for never before did such a large percentage of pupils receive the honors. Thus the class of '91, unequaled by any of its predecessors, surmounting every obstacle, and finishing the studies to the complete satisfaction of our teachers, has attained that proud and lofty position from which its members can well afford to look down with a condescending smile upon those who follow.

A few short weeks and we shall leave the place where many of the happiest hours of our young lives have been spent; we shall leave friends and companions that have labored with us and become dear to our heart. But whatever the future may

have in store for us, and how far we may be separated in years to come—memory will bring back to us again the joyful days of our High School life, and we will live over the four happy years which we spent under the faithful guidance of our teachers.

A SENIOR'S REVERIE.

THE end has come, as come it must
To all things; in these sweet June days,
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part, but in the years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,
As shells bear inland from the sea,
The murmur of the rythmic beach.

Oh Youth and Beauty, loved by all!
Ye pass from childhood's gate of dreams,
In broader ways our footsteps fall,
We test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,
She breaks her wand of power apart,
While for your love and trust she gives
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

And as the stream of life flows by
And leaves each year a richer good,
The matron's loveliness outvie
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And when the world shall link our names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher will assert her claim
Aud proudly whisper, "These were mine."

G. M. S.

SINE QUA NON.

PLATTIE BUSH.

TO the boy or girl coming from the graded schools it is an important question whether he or she shall be content with the education already obtained, or whether it shall be supplemented by the the High School course. If he decides for the former, he will in most cases throw away all chances of future greatness, for it is the educated man who moves the world; the chief political offices, the highest civil honors go to him. In mechanics his mind is master. He decides for all the subordinate, for he alone is acquainted with the forces and laws of nature. It is the knowledge of the science of astronomy that provides paths on the trackless ocean for the creations of man; the science of explosives and geology that furnishes defenses for unprotected cities and countries, and in the manufacture of the defensive articles and articles of peace, education scores another point by the employment of hundreds, where before but one was employed.

The man who possesses an education is the proud owner of something which Almighty God alone can take from him. He is more than an image of God; he is the image enlightened by some of God's own reason. His good intentions are intensified a thousand times by the influence of education, his bad are dropped into a bottomless pit and sealed with the seal of oblivion.

To the man of science all is open; to him Nature reveals her secrets. The stars are to him a lesson; in them he reads, not the fate of a single man, but the destiny of worlds. In plants and insects he sees, not the outward structure only, but he looks within, contemplates their internal design and copies

it for his own use. The occurrences of daily life he understands more quickly; he sees in the affairs of state and government a deeper meaning than is apparent to the unthinking and uneducated multitude. Indeed, there is not one advantage possessed by the uneducated over the educated, but how many do the educated possess which are not even imagined by those destitute of an education?

The advantage of understanding is by no means all that education gives its possessor. He abandons the low ideal of uneducated days; the portraits and sayings of immortal writers are always before him to comfort in sorrow, to advise and commune with him in adversity; the struggles, temptations and acts of past great martyrs are a guide for him. He is awakened to the true grandeur of the Almighty and His creations, to the perceptions that all is not for vain glory or empty show. He becomes more perfect in seeking to emulate his ideal. The narrow acts of the degraded classes are to him as the concluding pages of vice and crime. He takes a man for his true worth and not for his worldly wealth. In every way by which man can be benefited, education assists him. It makes a true patriot of him, for he has studied the lives of past great men. He avoids their errors and imitates their success.

Will not the student of nature protect to a greater degree that which nature gives him, than he who is unacquainted with her beauties? Yes, indeed, the educated man is the truest patriot; he loves his country for country's self. He has a truer conception of the words "country" and "patriotism." He knows why the Greeks died without flinching on the fields of Marathon and Thermopylae.

If the difference can so plainly be seen between the educated and the ignorant man, how marked must be the distinction between the enlightened and the uneducated nation. The nation is composed of individuals, hence the trait of the single man is the characteristic of the nation. The nation is advanced with the progress of her people and retarded when the steps of her citizens are slow and hesitating. It is for the interest of

the entire nation to be alert and watchful of the development of her citizens. The nation with a system of colleges and schools dotting the hillsides and interspersing the valleys, is safer from Anarchy and Socialism than the nation that places troops in every city and village. The former guards against evil by implanting in the breasts of its citizens patriotism and honor—the latter by force. Which do you think will tend to permanence of government and concord, force or reason? If civilization advances in the future with the same gigantic strides she is now taking, the future will have use for educated men alone. Then the man without an education will be of no importance. Now the country is young and its facilities are by no means developed, but in the future, when the opportunities have been taken and there remains no new territory, the fate of man will indeed be hard unless he has the knowledge to collect together the scattered remnants of past waste. The weakened forces of nature will have to be renewed by careful watching and care, and unless man knows how to do this he is doomed. But education then as now will come to his assistance and lighten his burden.

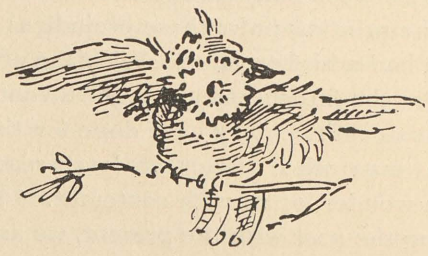
In past times the ability to read and write was esteemed a wonderful thing, and woe to him who dared to surmount the wall which lay between him and higher education. But with the invention of the printing press these prejudices were overcome and education had a higher value. What the printing press did for education in the fifteenth century, the invention and discoveries of the nineteenth century have done for the education of to-day. The man who cannot at least read and write is regarded with wonder, often with contempt.

Comparing the past with the present, we are scarcely able to believe that man was able to exist under the conditions that he then endured. Looking at his progress under the searching light of advancement, we can understand how and why plagues and revolution swept the face of Europe. The masses then were ignorant, and disease and dissatisfaction sprang up through the neglect of education. In the present time we have no

destructive pestilences sweeping over the land, killing people by thousands, for man has acknowledged education, and in turn education has snatched him from the clutches of disease and death. As once it was sufficient to read and write, and to-day it is necessary to at least be a graduate of the grammar school, so in the future will it be necessary to graduate from the college.

In long days of study there is no acknowledgement of the patient student, but there comes a time, if he perseveres, when the world takes cognizance of his labor and crowns him with the laurel wreath of honor.

The wish of every graduate is to see education advance. They are promoting the advancement of science by act and word for they know what it has done for them and the world. Let us hope for and aid the advancement of education on which depends all progress.



CLASS PROPHECY.

LORA B. ECCLESTON.

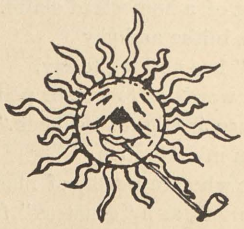
"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
And coming events cast their shadows before."

WHILE sitting alone in my easy chair,
My eyes in a dull, and dreary stare,
My thoughts in a whirl, like the whirl of smoke,
Part essays, part dresses, part satire, part joke,
I heard a great noise, like the flapping of wings,
Or the rushing of waters released from their springs.
And said with a nod, as the sound hastened near,
Should that be a spirit,—now won't it be queer.
I'd scarce entertained such a funny suggestion,
And e'er I had time to ponder the question,
Into the room, through an unseen door
A bright form descended and stood on the floor.
Welcome, I cried, as I saw the descent,
You've come in a hurry, now what's your intent?
He smiled as I spoke, and said: "I have come
To show you the fates of class '91.
Allie Wiggins a belle in society's reigning,
Ada Robins in knowledge is steadily gaining,
Eddie Baker to benighted heathen is preaching,
Kittie Christopher the language of Deutschland is teaching.
A sober faced judge in Newton is found,
His arguments, all will agree, are quite sound.
An expert in music is Bertha LaDue,
The instruction of which to 'Evan is due.
Harlan Smith, not romantic in name,
Earnestly seeks for world-wide fame;
His work, as an author, was fairly begun
By writing the story of class '91.
Anthony, in Sullivan's strength appears,
And as a champion, nobody fears,

Save, when to show his well trained muscle,
He and a doctor take part in a tussle.
Among the dear sisters of charity I find,
Sweet Ida and Nellie doing deeds purely kind;
Lightly and swiftly, they glide on their errands of love,
Like angels of mercy whose home is above.
In the "Little Glass Slipper" Lena and May,
As sisters are dressed in gorgeous array.
Lena is noting the size of her feet,
And fair "Prince Robert," who is looking so sweet,
Miss Julia, so meek, as Cinderilla takes part,
And completely shatters the poor prince's heart.
May is talking same as of yore,
Cora sells toys in a ten cent store.
Will Melchers as a politician,
In woman's behalf takes a position,
Befriends the fair sex, and to their delight,
Advocates suffrage and pleads for its rights.
Will Winning, as farm boy, is supposed to be working,
But the "boss" being gone, as usual, is shirking.
Eliza, for her path in life
Chooses to be a pastor's wife.
In New York on Broadway the sights I am seeing,
Weary and tired from the crowds I am fleeing.
Into a clothing store, in my hurry, I run
And unexpectedly meet one of class '91.
For there, as proprietor, Philip I see,
A world famed clothier destined to be.
Laura, who is so stylish and neat,
In a Pullman car is taking her seat.
Wherever she goes, her "grip" she totes
For she is an agent travelling for Coats.
Nellie Briggs, a governess, smiling and smart,
Is teaching the history of "Johanna of Arc."
Inventors are numerous; but none can compare
With Prof. Bush and his ship of the air;
A real flying machine, that will let you down
At any near or far distant town.
At the executive mansion stately in mien,
Harry rules in a manner supreme.
Mary's sweet voice at the opera we hear,
Piping for notes both high and clear;

When the song she has rendered,
Much applause to her is tendered ;
With her as a songstress, none can compete.
Martin, being of an ingenious turn,
Wishes the carpenter's trade to learn.
With hopes of success, his thoughts do soar,
He begins his practice upon a storm door.
An editor of the "Daily" is Louisa Austin,
The news of the valley, she is now exhausting.
Forepaugh's circus has travelled round,
Until, at last, it has reached our town.
The people flock on every hand
To see the wonders of the land.
Charles walks a rope suspended in mid air,
While the band plays and people stare,
Albert passes salt to the elephants.
Then in the distance I hear a voice cry:
"Cider, cider, sweet cider,"
Accompanied by a long drawn sigh.
And "taffy, taffy, hot taffy,"
Is wafted on the breeze alone.
Ralph and Carrie come into view,
With cider can and taffy pan too;
Hand in hand the streets they pace
Dispensing comfort to the human race.
Albert Richardson, on a far western plain,
Is enjoying the right of a homestead claim.
Rena, who once was blithe and gay
Now an "old maid" has nothing to say,
Except, "of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."
Now to Rome I turn my attention,
To see people there who are worthy of mention;
With a party of tourists, as a "countess" fair,
Isadore shines forth in her beauty rare.
A gypsy camp has struck the town,
The curious people gather round
To have their futures told by Grace,
Who asks them for their hand to trace.
On Duncan's palm she slowly reads,
'A scissors grinder's life you'll lead.'
A scientist, for the afflicted prescribing,

A comfort, at their bedside presiding,
Advised and directed by one above
Belle "heals all wounds save those of love."
In a distant school house by the way,
Contented and happy the livelong day
Ella is teaching the urchins brown and bold
To read, and cipher, and the pen to hold.
Margaret is mistress of a neat little home
Where comfort and love are all her own.
But much as I wished with the spirit to stay,
It left me in the same mysterious way
That it came,—and I awoke.
So plain was the picture, I scarcely could deem
That my eyes had really been veiled in a dream.
Now as we leave the trials of the school-room of life,
And enter the true world of labor and strife,
I wish for each member of beloved '91
Success in the race he deems worthy to run.



JOHNNIE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

KITTIE CHRISTOPHER.

THE long looked for day had come at last. To-day Johnnie was to tread the flowery path of learning. He looked very happy and his face was as shiny and bright as soap and water could make it. Anyone could see that Johnnie was very mischievous by the merry twinkle of his eyes.

His teacher proved to be a sallow, gaunt old maid, on the shady side of forty. She made a feeble attempt at a smile as Johnnie entered, but the smile seemed to freeze on her lips. She told him to take a seat back of a little girl with long curly hair. He was very quiet for awhile and sat up very stiff with his hands behind his back, but it was not his nature to be out of mischief long. How he did want to pull that little girl's hair. Almost before he realized it his hand had seized the curl and given it a cruel jerk, which brought the tears to the little girl's eyes. How sorry he was when it was too late. He was naturally of a mechanical turn of mind and soon knew how many screws were in his desk and just how it was put together. Johnnie was put in the C class and when it was called, instead of marching around to the back part of the room, he went boldly to the front. He evidently knew that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points. The teacher wanted to impress the numbers on their minds, so she wrote the figure eight and then drew eight marks on the board. When she asked the class how many marks she had drawn, up went all the hands except Johnnie's, and all answered "eight." When asked why he did not answer he replied that he knew that long ago. She then passed around twelve beans to each one, and told the children to place them in three rows. But

Johnnie thought it was far more fun to snap them at his friend in the corner, consequently when his teacher again looked at him the beans had disappeared.

Johnnie learned very rapidly and soon knew all the lessons in his reader off by heart, consequently he had plenty of time to make himself useful to the pupils around him. The little girl in front of him often experienced this, as her apron strings were constantly untied, and the boy opposite him often had the cold chills run down his spinal column, when Johnnie squeezed the water from his sponge. He always liked to annoy his teacher because she looked so cross. She evidently practiced sparing the rod for no matter how provoking Johnnie was, the only punishment he received was to sit on the platform at her feet. What fun it was to see her trip up on her shoe strings, which he slyly untied at these times. If she made him stand in the corner he managed to keep the whole school in an uproar, until he almost drove his poor teacher to the verge of dispair.

One of Johnnie's teachers had a craze for making him sit with his arms folded. When in class he had to stand with his toes exactly on the line, his arm inclined at a right angle, and his book held firmly in his hand. If his arm relaxed its position or his feet moved a trifle off of the line, the pointer came down smartly on his head.

There was one teacher of whom Johnnie had pleasant recollections. She seemed to think that boys were good for something and took an interest in them. She was one of those people who always seem to bring sunshine with them, and Johnnie liked her from the first. It was during this year that his first chivalric feeling was awakened. He would do anything to please her, even walk a mile to gather wild flowers, and felt amply repaid by the kind look and bright smile which he received.

Johnnie had now reached the eighth grade and had a man for a teacher. His old mischievous spirit returned and one day, when the master was deeply absorbed in a recitation, our

hero drew a caricature of him on the blackboard. The teacher soon noticed it and Johnnie thought that he would be deeply annoyed. Instead of this Mr. ——— patted him kindly on the head and told him that it was very good and that he could'nt have done better himself. About this time Johnnie began to learn that there was something better than fun, and an eager desire for knowledge took possession of him. Consequently he was better prepared for his work in the next grade than he otherwise would have been.

He resolved his first day in the High School to put away all childish things and become a man. This determination was carried out by his taking home three books every night and learning his lessons. He was a good student; indeed, he found plenty to encourage him, for his teachers were ever willing to help him. But his mischievous spirit was not entirely subdued and he often heard of "the little boy who was gazing around" and "of the reserved seat infront." When he became a Sophomore he had an opportunity of renewing his walks after wild flowers, for the Botany Class, and the little girl with curls was often made happy by the gift of some rare specimen. In the Junior year, his mechanical taste came into practical application. During this year he spent many delightful hours in the Physical Laboratory making microphones, joining up batteries, and the like. When he became a dignified Senior, he found plenty of hard work, as he translated one hundred lines of "Die Jungfrau," and reasoned out Geometry problems. You would not imagine that he ever could be mischievous when you look into his sober face. No one but his mother and the little girl in curls would ever think of calling this dignified young gentleman Johnnie.

And now the time has come to say good bye to school days. Not only our hero but every one is sorry to leave the place where so many happy hours have been spent; and as we continue our studies in the school of life we will many times look back with pleasure to the bright school days.

ALPHABETICAL ESSAY.

GRACE M. SMITH.

A—Is for Anthony, who many an hour,
Has spent on Greek and classical lore;
Also for Ada from England's land,
Who has all mathematics at her command;
Aye, too, and Allie, fair and petite,
With smiling face, but actions meet;
Then the two Alberts, one short and one tall.
And now of the A's, I think that is all.

B—Is for Belle, so modest and shy,
With a few more words we will pass her by,
Savage in name, though not so in nature,
She never would harm a living creature;
Also for Barton, whose first name is Cora,
In beauty and light she would vie with aurora.

C—Is for Carrie, staid and sedate.
In submission she bows to the workings of fate.

D—Is for Duncan, with looks profound,
Whose morals are good, and whose logic is sound.

E—For Eliza, a coy little maid,
To Washington's glory her homage she paid.
Also for Eddie, whose last name is Baker,
Who walks so sedately and looks like a Quaker.

F—Is for Feige *ele*-vating her station,
By kindly good deeds for each class and nation.

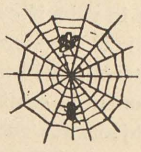
G—Is the first of five letters for Grace,
Who has scribbled and scribbled to fill up this space.

H—Is for Harlan—shy young man,
Who flirts with the girls whenever he can.
Harry, who when his school days are o'er,
Will put aside books, and study no Moore.

I—Is fair Isadore, modest and meek,
With features as classic as the modern Greek.

J—Is for Julia—Noble and good,
A type of perfect maiden-hood.
K—Is for Kittie, our essayist bright,
To Ann Arbor next fall, she takes her flight.
L—Is for Lora, an artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade;
Also for Lena, whose guileless ways,
The heart of many a fair youth slays;
Another L—Laura, whose graceful air,
Show her wise and good, as she is fair;
L—for Louisa, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure.
M—For McInnis, with *merry* brown eye,
Mary who never was known to sight;
M for Martin, who showballs the girls,
Knocks off their hats, and spoils all their curls;
Also for May, our blue-eyed midget,
She never sits still, but always does fidget;
Likewise for Margaret, so graceful and tall,
Like the daisy that blooms in summer and fall.
N—Is for Newton. In all our class
There's not a brighter laddie nor lass.
Also for Nellie. Whose glance so keen as thine?
Thou wilt not live in vain, if ought of prophecy be mine.
O—Is for Oakes, Nellie is her name,
Who as a school-teacher will win great fame.
P—Is for Plattie, eloquent in oration,
On many deep subjects he's enlightened the nation.
Philip, who on "Physical Culture" has written,
On the cut of his Coats the girls are all smitten.
Q?—Why Q. E. D. is a familiar representation,
We find it at the end of a geometrical demonstration.
R—Is for Robert, our athelete fair,
Who attracts the young ladies by curling his hair.
R is for Rena, so wondrous wise,
In her sweet disposition her beauty lies.
Also for Ralph, our "baby boy,"
So very innocent and so coy;
Sweet sixteen he says is his age,
Though childish in years, he's as wise as a sage.
S—Is for Schwartz, our dark-eyed mite,
T, U and V are "way out of sight."

W—Is Will, photography his hobby,
Your picture he'll take so natural and nobby;
Will who daily is Winning great fame,
In the foot ball team, and the base ball game.
X—Y—and Z each is a baby,
Who'll be wonderful someday maybe,
For their mothers all say
To themselves every day,
There never was such a wonderfui baby.



THE HISTORY OF A FIELD DAY.

[The following record was recently unearthed at the excavations in Nineveh, and has been translated for the "Aurora" by our Editor and dealer in antiquities.—ED.]

AND it came to pass in those days that in a mighty city, called Saginaw, there dwelt a goodly number of wise and learned men. And a great multitude of young men and maidens sat daily at their feet to gather in the words of wisdom that fell from their lips. And the fame of this school did spread over the adjoining counties, even beyond Crow Island and Bridgeport. And great was the number of people that went forth from that country even unto this school.

But the master of the school was a wise man, and he said to himself: It is not good that these many people are all in one room; behold! I will make tribes of them. And he made four tribes. And these are the names of the tribes:

The first is called Freshlings, because unto them are unknown the ways of the world; the second is called Middlemen, because they are betwixt the first and the third; the third is called Juniors, because of their conceit, and the fourth is called Seniors, which meaneth in our tongue: He who knoweth everything. And the Juniors loved well the Freshlings because of their innocence, and they taught them the ways of the world. But the Middlemen did abide with the Sons of wisdom.

And it came to pass after all these things that the youths or the Freshlings and Juniors banded themselves together, and shouted a great shout, and did boast exceedingly that they were strong of limb, and there were no one like unto them in kicking. And they sent forth messengers unto the two other tribes, mocking them and saying: Come out, baldheads! come out, and show your strength; for of us it is written, Ye shall

scatter them even to the outermost ends of the world, and no dog shall take a bone from them. Sela.

And the Seniors and the middle tribe waxed exceeding wroth, and said: Lo! these sons of conceit wist not what they are saying. Let us go, and take out their conceit, and coil it, so they may sit upon it, and keep their peace.

Thereat all did rejoice, and they said unto the messengers, Be it so; cease your prattling, for we will show ye babblers of whom was the prophecy written.

And there was a great field within the gates of the city, and two mighty trees stood thereon. But one of the trees was a chestnut. And near this field standeth the house wherein they keep many and precious books. And each one of the four tribes knoweth this house well, for thither they are wont to wander, so the master of the school setteth a new task before them. And behold! at the eighth hour of the day they came, like a great army with banners, and many were the people that followed. And they blew on the tin horn, and on the bass horn, and on the Jew's harp, and on the banjo. Some even blew on the hornet which is an instrument difficult to handle. But the wind blew through their hair, which in their language is called whiskers, and they wist not whence it cometh.

And, behold! a strong man lifted up his voice and cried, Go to and play Foot-ball. And everyone answered and said, Be it so, be it so.

And the heralds came and put up two poles at either end of the great field, three cubits and one hand high, and the multitude outside the field wondered thereat, and could make nothing of it. And they had brought with them a great ball, strange to behold, in which was shut up a fearful breath. And they wist not how it was. But it was so.

And the strong men of each two of the tribes sprang forward against each other, and kicked the ball a great kick. And it went up towards the sky. And when it came down, there arose a terrible tussle, and a great noise and a tumult. And a great cloud of dust arose that covered the city and the adjoin-

ing counties. And everyone tried hard to kick the ball through betwixt the enemy's goal. And there was a law in those times that whosoever should pick up the ball with his hands and run away, that man should be taken and snatched baldheaded. Now there was a youth who had mocked the Seniors exceedingly, wherefore they called his name Moxley. And he went forth, and picked up the ball and ran. And when Newton, a Senior, saw this, he was sorely vexed in his heart, and he lifted up his feet and ran also and overtook him, and kicked the ball away from him. And Moxley lifted up both heels together, and come down upon the ground with a thud, and sat there. And when he looked for his ball, lo! it was gone. And he waxed exceeding wroth and said unto his brethren, Come, let us know this man. And they came and pressed him sorely, yea, they even did rent his flannels asunder. But he said, Now my coat is gone, it is well my shirt goeth also. And the struggle went on and waxed hotter. And it happened that one man tried to kick the ball, and missed it and kicked his enemy's ribs at a place where he was ticklish. And he lifted up his voice and sent forth a blue oath and they gathered him into the cooler. For the day was hot. But the Seniors minded that not, for it was a saying among them: It will be a cold day when we get left. And they and their friends showed the enemy many new tricks and performed many strange things, that the others knew not of. But as much as they tried they could not kick the ball through the Seniors goal, and their heart failed them.

And when the sun went down there was great rejoicing and mocking in the camp of the Seniors, for they had beaten the others by three to nought. And they jeered at them, saying: Ah, there, ah there! of whom was the prophecy written? And Winning the champion of the Seniors lifted up his voice and cried: Hand over your shekels and the gate money. And they did as they were bid.

And lo! there came a host of maidens who had stood afar off. And some of them drew nigh unto the Seniors, praising

them and saying: Oh! ye brave men, wondrous are the feats ye have done. Come, sisters, let us rejoice thereat. But the other maidens stood with the Juniors, and would not smile at them. And the hearts of the Seniors were glad with joy when they beheld the lovely creatures, and they answered and said: Well may ye praise us, for the enemy was strong and great was the risk. But they understood not quite these words; and a sweet foreboding filling their hearts, they lifted up their voices with one consent, asking: Did ye say "Fisk"? Then it came to pass that a smile crept over the faces of the Seniors, even unto their intellectual ears, and their hearts melted, and they said: Come, let us go and treat them fairly. And when the other maidens who were with the Juniors, heard these words, they forsook their "pards," girded up their aprons, and came and said: Beloved brethren, treat us likewise.

Now there was a certain man in that city, called Fisk, and he was beloved by all, for he knew of no bitterness. And he stood under his door, and cried out with a loud voice: Whence cometh to me this great throng? And they filled his place, and laid down the pieces of silver, and said: Give unto us the sweet cream that groweth nigh unto the North Pole. And he gave unto them, and gladdened their hearts; but unto the maidens he gave treble. For he knew the words of the Prophet who saith: Behold! the love of the little girl for ice cream is unending. And he treated them abundantly, and they made him and his Kin prosperous even unto this day.

But the Juniors and their friends stood afar off, and did not want to draw nigh unto the place, for they had no more pieces of silver. And they grew bilious with envy, and held a council, and said: Gosh, we will kick. And they went and founded the Kicker's Corner, and sent out Courier and Heralds throughout the land. And they put their likeness at the beginning, which is like unto the likeness of a donkey, and from this day on they spell their name D-E-N-N-I-S.

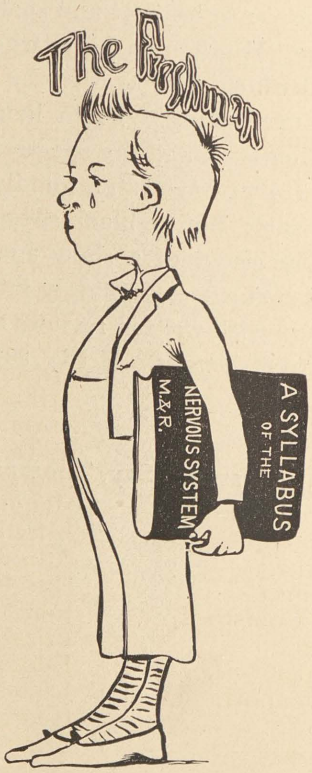
And all these things were made known unto the master. And he assembled the four tribes into the large room, and

lifted up his voice and said: For truth, we will give them a reception. Then he arose to his feet and spake unto them:

O! ye Seniors and Middlemen, all ye who sit not in the seats of the scornful, and whose delight is in the law of your master, enter ye into joy everlasting. From henceforth ye will be exempt from examinations, and the spectre of note books shall haunt ye no more: for ye have run a goodly course. But unto the other tribes he said: But ye black sheep, ye conceited race that standeth not the ghost of a show against my other children, behold, I will make it exceedingly interesting for ye, and will sorely afflict you with written reviews and goose eggs until ye repent of your foolish ways. Verily, such are my words; do ye see the point?

* * *

Here endeth the lesson. Say, Thompson, please pass the hat.



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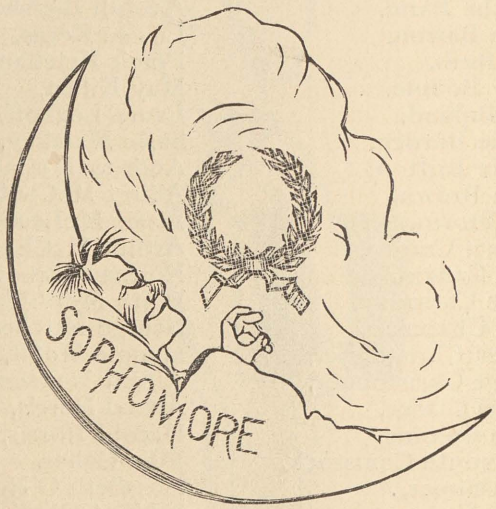

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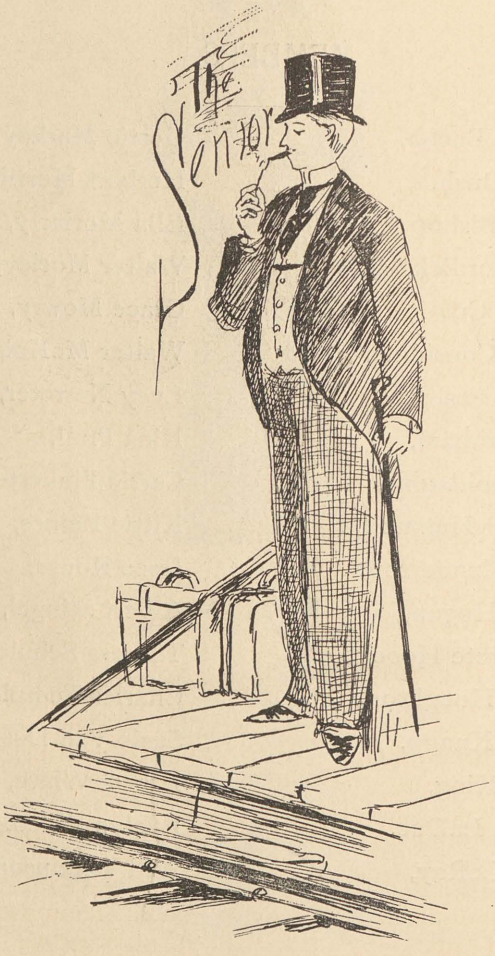
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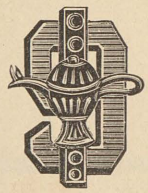

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In Memoriam.

'92.

BESSIE HAMILTON.

Died January 7th, 1891.

In Memoriam.

'91.

KATE KAIN.
Died December 25th, 1888.

OLIVE HOLLAND.
Died March 14th, 1889.

IDA MOREY.
Died March 2d, 1890.

CLASS ROOM SMILES.

PROF.—"What is a solvent?"

STUDENT.—"A solvent is a *dissolvent* liquid."

* * *

PROF.—"What is the principle of all two-fluid batteries?"

JUNIOR.—"In all two-fluid batteries the principle involved is this: There is one exciting fluid, and a decomposing fluid which decomposes the fluid as fast as formed, and thus prevents decomposition."

* * *

PROPERTIES OF ALCOHOL.

From Examination Papers.

It is a colorless, inflammable, odorous, *intoxicatable*, and *spiritual* liquid.

* * *

It is inflammable, of a penetrating *oder*, *collarless*, it does not freeze, hence is used in thermometers and spirited levels. It burns with bluish light, and does not smoke, and hence is used in *spirited* lamps.

* * *

Alcohol has a great *infinity* for water, a burning taste, and is used in a lamp called the *spiritual* lamp.

* * *

EXAMPLES OF CAPILLARY ACTION.

From Examination Papers.

A farmer puts water on his wagon wheels to keep them from *falling off*.

* * *

A tub with a little water in it causes it to *swell*.

When a clothes' line has been left out in the rain.

* * *

PROF.—"What is a theme?"

STUDENT.—"A theme is an exercise in which the subject is treated according to a set of heads *mythologically* arranged.

* * *

PROF.—"Define the stomach."

FRESHMAN.—"The stomach is a *huge pink color*."

* * *

IN CAESAR CLASS.

Mulieres, quique per aetatem ad pugnam inutiles viderentur, in eum locum conjecerunt.

Translation.—The women, who through the summer seemed useless for fighting, they gathered into one place.

* * *

Continuationæ imbrium diutius sub pellibus milites contuieri non possent.

Translation.—On account of the continuance of rains the soldiers could not any longer be kept in their skins.

* * *

PROF.—"Will an ordinary clock gain or lose time in winter, and why?"

JUNIOR.—"Cold contracts and heat expands a substance. In winter the hands of a clock are contracted, and so it takes *longer* for them to make the round, and a clock will be *slow*. Heat expands, and the hands are consequently made larger and travel *faster*, hence an ordinary clock is faster in winter and slower in summer.

* * *

It is not good to use *mental* toothpicks.

* * *

A representative is one who shows off the feelings of the people. He is supposed to get $3,500, but sometimes he does not get elected in which case he is not paid.

GRINDS.

W. W—g is said to be "Plato" of the class of '91. His forehead in fact is so high that it extends to the back of his coat collar.

* * *

P— B—h has been elected corresponding member of the Royal German Academy at Berlin. If he improves in the German language as he has done during the last year, he will doubtless be made supervisor of German for the U. S.

* * *

Ed B—k—r objects to being "roasted," hence we will comply with his wish.

* * *

Laura and Ida—Romeo and Juliet.

* * *

P— C—s' crisis came when he put on long pants.

* * *

Mr. H—l—n is the youngest and heaviest of class '91, and smokes cubebs.

* * *

The girls of '91 all curl their hair and the boys all shave save A—y P—t, from whose upper lip "the bloom of youth" has not been removed.

Method of finding our worst study: To sol. add a few drops of Botany, if ppt. is formed filter and wash, then add Virgil, and confirm by D. & P., page 1634.

* * *

Prof. G—d's favorite amusement is making $\overline{||}$

* * *

It is rumored the cause of Prof. R—d's resignation is due to the fact that the '92's "were too much for him."

* * *

Where did C—a B—r—n get her ring?

* * *

"Slip" P—t has the smallest feet in the class.

* * *

Who exploded in "Dutch-class?"

* * *

Who in our class boasts of a maroon colored breath?

* * *

Mr. W—g has applied for the position of Co_2 tester at the new Sebewaing coal mines.

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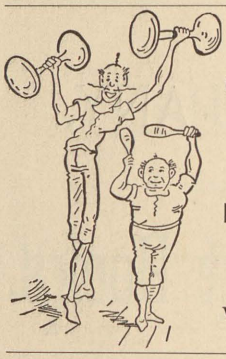

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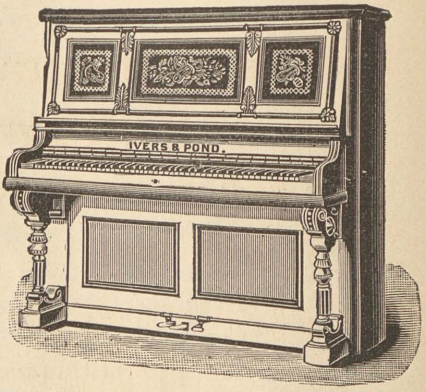

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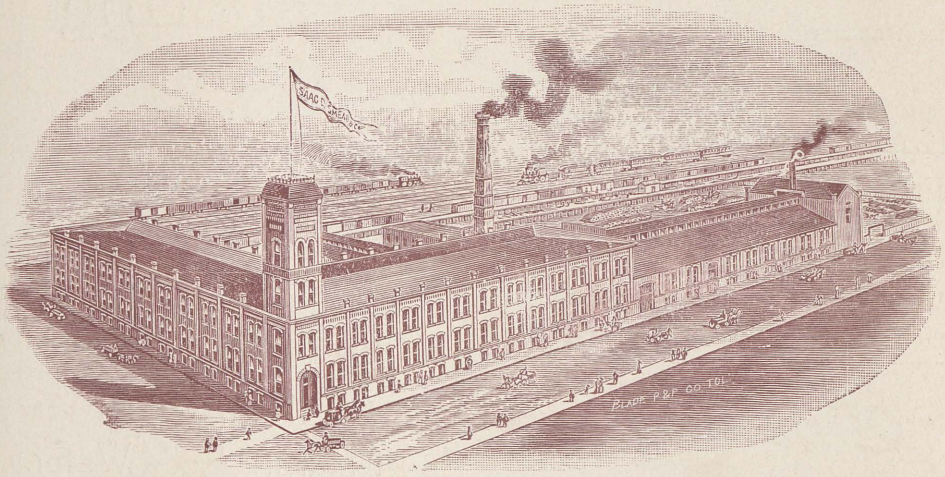

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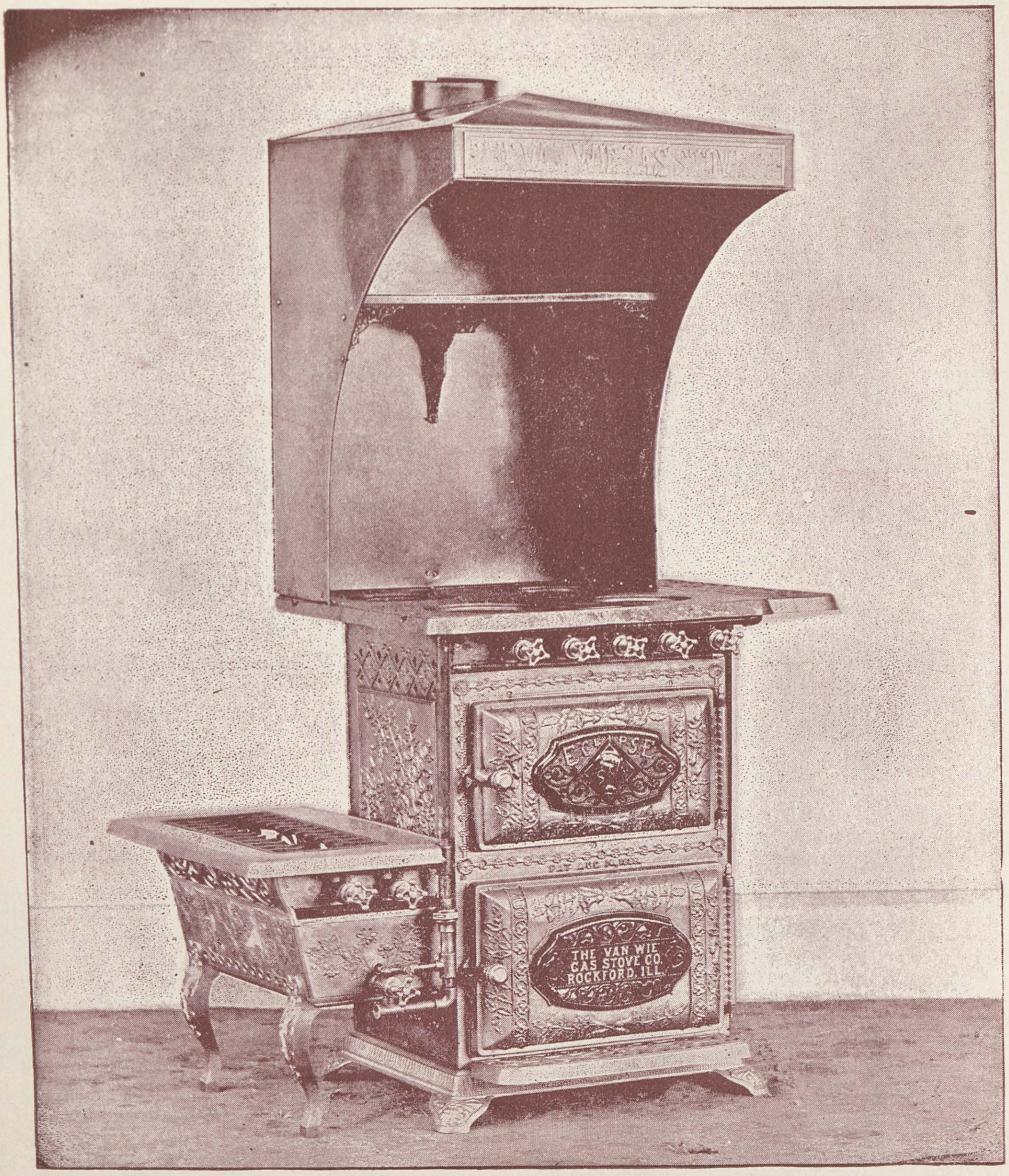

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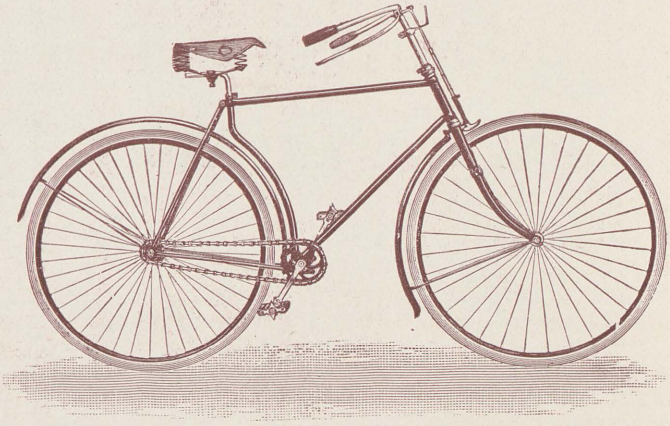

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Aurora
'92

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In remembrance of ceaseless labors and trials too numerable for description, the editors take pleasure in dedicating this, the third appearance of the Aurora and the last creation of the Class of '92 to---themselves.

PREFACE.

IT is a source of pleasure to the editors to be able to place this, the third number of the "AURORA" before the public. A book of this nature is certainly something of which a school should feel proud, and in which it should take a deep interest. The editors of each successive year having the experience of those of former years by which to profit, naturally are enabled to produce a more complete book than their predecessors. While we do not claim perfection for this year's volume, yet for the reason above stated we think it will find a favorable place with you beside those which have preceded it.

Hoping that you will overlook any errors that may have crept in and that this volume may satisfy your highest expectations, we leave with you this final effort of '92.

Faculty.

E. C. GODDARD,
Mathematics.

R. M. REID,
Science.

G. A. KLEENE,
German.

J. H. HARRIS,
Language.

A. F. BURR,
Commercial.

MARGARET MERRILL,
Botany and Physiology.

FANNY BARKER,
Latin.

ZELMA GRAY,
English.

FANNY BALL,
History and Literature.

PHOEBE FAIRCHILD,
Algebra.

SIBYL PALMER,
English.

AURIE V. HEDRICK,
Latin and Algebra.

PHILIP COATES,
Assistant in Laboratory.

MAY RYAN,
Librarian.

In Memoriam.

'92.

BESSIE HAMILTON,

Died January 7th, 1891.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

C. J. LE ROY.

CLASSMATES OF '92 :

It is a fact well known that in the life of every person there comes a time when there must be a breaking off, a separation from old associations. We, as members of the Class of '92, have been passing the last four years together at one of the cross-roads of life, and now the time has come when we must separate and forever, as a class, pass out of existence.

We are now called upon to both look backward and forward: backward on what we have been and done; forward on what we shall be and do. As we review the past I trust there are none of us who will have cause for regret; for while our high school life has been to each, one of pleasure, at the same time we have had a realization of the purpose for which we were striving. If at first the advantage to be gained from a high school education was not quite clear in our minds, it certainly is now. We can now plainly see that we have each been building a foundation upon which the temple of life shall rest. The question for each of us to answer is, "Has this foundation been made firm and secure?" If so, all well and good, but if not, the defect should at once be remedied, else one day the entire structure will totter and fall, and nothing save the ruin and debris will be left to mark the spot where once stood a life full of bright prospects and hopes.

On the other hand, as we look at the future everything seems bright and to point toward success. It is true that there is much to encounter of which we as yet know nothing. Most of us have probably already decided what our life work will be. Some of us go on to pursue a higher course of study, while others will go directly from the High School to face the stern world. It is ours to say whether we shall reach the goal of success. All will remember the saying of our friend Mr. Reed, that every person will sooner or later achieve that for which he or she has struggled, be it riches, or power, or anything whatsoever.

It therefore behooves us to look to it that the efforts of our lives are devoted to carrying out lofty and ennobling aims and aspirations.

Now as we separate and turn from the High School for the last time as members of that school, may the memory of our course here and of the happy times spent together, linger in our minds through the whole of life; and may we each one as a result of our High School education live a life that shall be an honor to God, to mankind and to ourselves.

OUR CLASS PIN.

THE Bumble Bee flies to the dell,
With message received from the fairies.
He comes where the nodding clovers dwell,
A magic wand he carries.

By ringing the tiny bluebells,
He bids the clovers listen.
This is the story which he tells,
"You in silver and gold shall glisten

"For in honor have you been placed
By the class of ninety-two.
The figures in silver shall be traced
On the golden leaves for you.

"A symbol you will be that ever shall stand,
Of Fidelity, Hope, and Truth.
Your leaf o'er all the land
Shall be worn by maid and youth."

CLASS HISTORY.

OSCAR L. KING.

OF a truth the duties of the Historian of the Class of '92 are very burdensome, for he who was first chosen to record its doings was unable to bear the awful responsibility and as a result left us "in the soup," and went where he would be free from all such toil and care. Therefore it must cause no wonder if the present Historian is completely "out of sight" by the close of this school year.

Dear reader, in perusing this history of our class, do not read it for the purpose of criticising its literary merits (or demerits), but rather enter into the spirit in which it is written. Forget for a while that we have burned many "barrels of midnight oil" and remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and as we have had no thought of becoming dull we have improved every opportunity for a "lark" that has presented itself.

On one bright sunny morning early in September, 1888, there assembled at our High School a vast concourse of youths and maidens from the East and South sides of the mighty city of Saginaw. This throng meant nothing less than the beginning of the Class of '92. The faces and appearances of these scholars were so eager and intelligent that the hearts of the teachers fairly "leaped for joy" in anticipation of the four years of pleasure that was in store for them.

Of course the first few days were taken up in becoming accustomed to the ways of our new habitation and in having a few, who were wandering around with their mouths open, piloted by our Principal to their proper places of torture. But we speedily grew used to the ways of the place and were soon able to hold our own with the best of them.

Occasionally we were startled by hearing Mr. Reed say in those causing-one-to-quake-tones, "I have a couple of reserved seats right here near me that will soon be occupied by that boy and girl who are playing in the back part of the room." And then an ominous silence would follow (for a time). We soon came to know our teachers thoroughly and could tell just how long we could play without being "fired."

Nothing of more than ordinary interest happened during our first year and we passed forever from the ninth grade, exulting that we were no longer Freshes but full fledged

SOPHOMORES.

The next year we were given a room all to ourselves and justly proud we felt of it. Here we would sit under the watchful eyes of Miss Palmer and *bone* to the best of our ability, for those stupid Freshes would persist in coming up and giving us the benefit of their musical (?) voices when trying to read. It certainly was very *trying* to us, and if anything made us "tired" it was their indescribable attempts to understand plain English. However, there was no help for it, as "the powers that be" so decreed.

Our ranks were somewhat smaller than they were at the beginning of the first year for some had become discouraged because we had no place in which they might sit and dream to their heart's content while building air-castles, and as a result had left school. A few others had acquired such a love for the large room down stairs that they were unable to tear themselves away from its allurements and attractions.

It was during the latter part of this year that we broke the record of all previous classes by organizing in our Middle year. Without any very serious trouble we elected Clare LeRoy as our president, with Miss Considine as his helpmate and Miss Endert as (his private) secretary. King was chosen to keep all the money the class might see fit to have,but according to all authentic records he was not overstocked the first year. This one act of organizing should alone prove the fact that the class is an exceptionally bright and enterprising one, being always up to the times and never allowing the other classes to excel it in any respect.

Near the close of this year we missed from our ranks one of our fairest members, Miss Eva Graham, who on account of ill health was obliged to leave school. When she again returned she had to join the ranks of '93, but she told one of us on the sly, that she was so sorry that she could not be one of us that it almost broke her heart. She has our heartfelt sympathy.

At the close of this year we received the cards proving that we were now thoroughly

JUNIORS.

This was indeed a thing to exult over, for, you must know, a Junior is, in his own opinion at least, the very embodiment of knowledge.

When we came back from our vacation we found that one of our teachers was no longer there to greet us, in short, Miss Purmort was married and of course could no longer teach, but must now attend to "the duties of Minerva." Miss Penny now guided our wandering feet through the oratorical productions of Cicero. When Merrill, White and Burdick apparently wouldn't care a *penny* what they did, then, while giving us a lecture, tears would begin to flow in her efforts to imitate that renowned orator. Evidently she could not bear up under it, for she too left us after one year and likewise got married.

And now warfare began, for Juniors and Seniors are almost deadly enemies. During this year the Seniors, believing themselves invincible, attempted to put some of us over the fence, but they evidently forgot that our class contained many men of valor, for when they attempted to do the act they quickly found the tables turned and themselves instead of us being let gently (?) down on the other side of the fence.

This year Mr. Reed gave evidence of the fact that he loved our class by having us sit in the large room where he could always see our happy faces, and as it was with our allies, the Freshmen, we did not object.

In the Lyceum we were in a large measure instruments in aiding the founding of the Scholarship fund. Of course Mr. Reed did a vast amount of work for it and kept the stone rolling; but our class had given more than all the other classes put together to increase the fund, besides working long and hard for the success of the lectures that have been given for its support.

During this year we again gave abundant proof of our enterprising qualities by having the Ann Arbor Glee and Banjo Club, under our auspices delight the people of Saginaw with their beautiful songs and music. To say that it was a success but mildly expresses the result, and when we found that our door receipts were some $300.00 or $400.00 our delight knew no bounds. There was a great temptation for the treasurer to skip with the booty, but there were too many watchful eyes to allow it without great personal danger, so he finally decided to stay and at the urgent request of the class gave a large amount to our worthy principal for the support of our scholarship fund. Naturally the other classes were greatly chagrined that we were so far ahead of them, but we smilingly ignored them and went on our way rejoicing.

Things were going on smoothly when on one Tuesday morning in Chapel we were informed that part of us must exhibit to the world our literary and oratorical ability—in other words, must take part in the Junior Ex. This was certainly

enough to make us shake in our boots. And now the spirit of the Junior Ex. haunted us like a terrible ghost, but we turned and faced it, like the men and women we are and lo and behold! there was no ghost there.

Of course we had to have a Junior Hop (who ever heard of a class that didn't), but it was only after some very fierce opposition on the part of the teachers that it was decided to have one. Then it was that the class shone forth in all its glory, in fact the conceited '91s didn't "cut any figure" at all. The beauty and beauties (girls) of our class made all others fade "out of sight" where they certainly belonged. Grace Bush thought she would go simply to look on; but who ever heard of a girl refusing to dance if a handsome fellow gave her an urgent invitation? [Don't be a wall flower, Grace.] It cost one poor fellow somewhere between $5.00 and $15.00 but what did he care so long as it was for his dear ——? Of course it let out early (such hops always do) and in the gray dawn of the next morning many coupes might have been discovered making their way rapidly to different parts of the city so as to be home before pa and ma were up. But this was by no means the end of it for during many succeeding days every "flunk" was counted as a direct result of the ball. According to one teacher any kind of lessons could be expected for a few days following the hop. The way of the transgressor is hard.

A few weeks previous to the hop a "craze" for dancing seemed to "strike" our school, indeed it struck some pretty hard. At times Ernest might be seen while going down the street to suddenly break into a waltz and go whirling along at a rapid rate, or perhaps he might be seen circling around the room with a broom, chair, or even tin can for a partner, possibly he could even imagine he had *somebody* in his arms.

The end of this year was one of sadness for our whole school for Prof. J. O. Reed and his wife were going to leave us. We had become very much attached to both of them and it was with great sorrow that we contemplated their departure, realizing that we would sustain an irreparable loss. Our love for them was so strong that it must needs find some tangible method of expressing itself. So we had a meeting and appointed a committee to buy a suitable present. When it had been purchased we again had a class meeting to which Mr. and Mrs. Reed were respectfully asked to be present (they knowing not for what reason). Then our president, Mr. LeRoy, in a few well chosen words presented to them a beautiful tea set, each piece being handsomely engraved with "R" on one side and "'92" on the other.

Mr. Reed was greatly moved at this act of our respect and it was with difficulty that he spoke a few broken sentences of thankfulness to us. Here we received abundant proof of the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

To make an application: Perhaps that is the reason the teachers like to give us lectures occasionally but do not like us to say anything in return.

Melville Moxley and John Stevens became very ambitious and instead of taking the usual course of four years, thought they would save a year (for a rainy day perhaps) and so by working very hard they got through in three years. We were especially sorry to lose Moxley since he was one of our best athletic men, but it is probably all right for he is now called the "banker."

The fun we used to have this year was never equalled by any class of our school, in fact we had our own way in almost everything. It was with the consciousness of having passed one of the happiest years of our lives that we left behind us all traces of the Junior surroundings and became loyal

SENIORS.

Now was the time when we could look down on those diminutive Freshmen, when we could respect a sophomore, but the Juniors—away with them for they are not fit to live.

We spent this our last and best year under Miss Fairchild's watchful eyes; and many were the two-penny lectures we received. Somehow or other the girls got nearly all their seats in a bunch, perhaps thinking the boys would bother them, but instead of that it was generally the boys that helped the girls. They are so good, you know.

We now listened to the wise and instructive words of Mr. Goddard on Tuesday in Chapel for he was now our principal. We also had as new teachers Messrs. Harris, Reid and Kleene and the Misses Hedrick and Gray. Harris is rather nervous but nevertheless we gave him the title of Prof. and as a reward he promised us a "treat," but it was like the ship that never came and we are waiting patiently yet.

Reid is always in for a sing with us whenever we are ready. He even went so far as to offer to teach some of the boys the art of singing. The offer was eagerly taken up but soon they grew tired and the whole thing fell through.

As we go down stairs to recite Geometry Miss Hedrick always stands at the foot of the stairs to see that everything goes right. Occasionally when we increase our speed so as to move a little faster than a funeral march, we hear the startling announcement: "Here, go right back and try that over again." And then with a very red face, the culprit betakes his way back up-stairs and plays he is going to somebody's funeral. It is a picnic.

It was on account of the interest awakened in our class that a boys' chorus was enabled to be formed; for not only is the majority of the chorus Senior boys, but they possess the best voices, our tenor being especially fine.

As our class is never behind the times we naturally had to have a class pin. Early in the year we had class meetings and decided upon a pin that was not intended to dazzle the eyes of all its beholders but yet was confessedly, the neatest that any class from our school ever chose. The design was an old gold clover leaf as background and upon it a silver ribbon tied so as to form the figures '92. It was thus also typical of our class colors—gold and white.

When the time came to organize a class in Trig. some of the boys and girls thought they would try it. But evidently the girls didn't like the idea of undertaking a study that had anything in it that pertained to guns [Trig (ger)], so they speedily gave it up in despair, and left the boys alone to keep on the path to wisdom.

One of our favorite pastimes was to sit in the basement to study, but as there was a strict rule forbidding this, it was necessary at times to use all our wits to keep "out of sight" when a teacher was around. One day Temple, Burdick and Merrill evidently forgot where their wits were for they were caught and instantly suspended. But either the fates so decreed or else by special arrangement the Supt. was right there at the time and so the boys had hardly time to realize that they were out of the fold before they were received back again.

On Friday nights after the Lyceum the boys generally went down town and had a good time. Soda water was always in order and once in a while Roberts' restaurant received a call from them: as a result the proprietor is growing quite rich. The air would sometimes echo with beautiful songs as we went out to serenade some of the girls. The 'Cops' to all appearances had no ear for classical music or perhaps they didn't recognize it—who knows?—at all events they always tried to suppress us—that is, when they were not afraid. On one occasion with a wheelbarrow in front and a supposed-to-be-dead man in it, with three on either side as pall bearers and a large number following, we passed through the midst of the city much to the wonder and amazement of all.

In German class the waste paper basket seemed to have feet, for every day it would somehow walk off the rostrum. But one day it was caught at it, for just as it was about to take its departure from the platform it was seen by Fred Burdick and as his feet were not far away he thought he would do an act of kindness, so he gently (?) raised the basket on his toe and sent the contents flying in every direction. The teacher in charge was nearly frightened out of his wits and demanded an explanation immediately. Burdick gave the desired information and was pardoned on the plea that his foot slipped (on purpose). There was some talk of catching a mouse and letting it out in the room but some of the girls were sure they would scream and then be 'fired', so it (the mouse) never materialized.

Through Vergil we soon made the acquaintance of Dido. We were all enchanted with her. At her death we were so moved that we could scarcely read.

Gertrude went so far one day as to refuse to read (we suppose her emotions overpowered her) and as a result was informed that it would be necessary to apologize before the class before she could again join in the "Rites of Bacchus." The two Graces heartily sympathized with her on this occasion. But the apology never came and yet she still recites. Some things *is* queer.

In April, the Junior boys thinking there was no class their equal, challenged us to a game of foot-ball. Now you must know that the boys of the Junior class are much more numerous than those of the Senior class. We wanted them to play with equal numbers but they wouldn't do it being naturally afraid that they would be defeated. Well we accepted the challenge and came on the appointed day prepared to do our best; and we did. If ever boys worked hard we did, and try as hard as they could our opponents could not defeat us. At the close of the allotted time the game was a tie and so we offered to play it out but no, they had had enough of our brawn for one day and wouldn't do it. They even went so far as to say that they were so tired that they couldn't play any longer even if they so desired. But near the close we were getting in some of our best work and therefore it was nothing but fair for us to claim the game as our own since they wouldn't play out the tie. (For a more lengthy report of this great game see the *Lyceum Advocate* for April 1892). After it was over we went down town and refreshed ourselves with some good soda water. When we were all through, along came the Juniors, behind as usual, like the cow's tail, and took what we left. Then we were suddenly seized with a desire to know what we looked like, so off we went to a photographer and had our pictures taken; and if ever you saw a sweet set of boys it was ours. In fact everybody was so enchanted with it that there was a great demand for more of the photographs and even some of the Junior class wanted them. The Juniors have been kicking themselves ever since and now sing the song that suits the worst sold boys in Michigan.

At a class meeting it was proposed that the Senior class give a ball inasmuch as the Junior class had, according to some authorities been "scared" out of it, and certain members of our class wanted to show how very brave they were. But after long deliberation it was decided that Frank couldn't have the opportunity of dancing this year, at least so far as concerned our class.

And now in this last year it would perhaps be interesting to note a few statistics of our class.

Naturally the first question is, when and where were we born. As it is a most difficult task to find out the real age of girls, there is some doubt as to the authenticity of some of the answers.

Myrtle Crane would have us believe that she is "sweet sixteen" but when a person gets to be nearly six feet tall there is great doubt as to the probability of such youth. Anna Dodge simply says "guess," while Theresa looks around with a sly wink and says "I mustn't tell." Albert says the official records were stolen

when he was too young to protect them. What an unhappy state of affairs! Temple claims to be only about seventeen although he is the largest in the class, and Lucy says if she is twenty-two, King must be nearly thirty. But according to the best authorities on the subject the majority of the class commenced their existence some time in the "dark ages" and were first caught sight of by some cannibals while rounding the Cape of Good Hope. At all events we are a *hope* ful class.

As to the ancestry of the class there is indeed proof that we have all sorts of blood in our veins. Kitty Raines and Ella Graham have descended from the sea Nymphs. Allie claims a very indistinct connection with mother Eve, and Jessie's ancestors were the first settlers in this country. Houghton's sires were men of learning and he must keep up the record of the race so with jealous care he tends to the Public Library. Although LeRoy says he comes from a very "long lived" race it cannot, of course, be definitely determined how long he will live

There seems to be quite a bit of rivalry as to who is the champion heavy-weight. Temple claims that he tips the scales at 163 and as neither Burdick nor Merrill can come up to that, Temple carries off the palm; but yet there is no reason for the other two to despair for they still stand a fair chance to be a little larger than Tom Thumb.

There is no doubt as to the light-weight as Ernest, though tall, comes up with the startling record of 104 pounds and all others retire to a safe distance when his weight is announced. But let it suffice to say that the combined weight of the class is something over *two tons.*

If placed one above the other the topmost one would become dizzy in looking down from the lofty height of 49,500 mm. Myrtle Crane says we may put her down as the tallest (of the girls) while surely Kittie will take the lead as the shortest.

On some of the boys there are real and unmistakable signs of—a moustache. Houghton is letting the *first* down of his youth still cover his upper lip and seems to have no ambition in this line although the boys tell him that it is about time to become "civilized." LeRoy and Knapp keep theirs pretty well "out of sight" but Goldstone apparently glories in his. He even tried to rival Mr. Harris but became discouraged when he discovered that it grew *some* for about a week and then to all appearances got "stuck in the mud", and so he is now trying to discover some patent remedy for the aid or destruction of ambitious young fellows in the future.

As the girls in our class greatly out-number the boys there is not much hope of being able to "pair them off" to everybody's satisfaction, but there are sundry sly glances and winks that reveal the inner workings of the heart. Tommy has a girl on each of three sides and the teacher in front, and it is hard to tell to which one he devotes himself most. First he turns around to whisper to Lottie, then he

leans over to Anna, then he speaks to Libbie, and to pay up for it Miss Fairchild has to speak to him. Grace Bush casts occasional shy glances at Herbert and then looks down at the floor while blushing. Ernest in a musical (?) voice calls his Kitty, while Theresa looks knowingly around at Frank. Lottie with her sweet dimples beams upon Clare, giving him her sweetest smile. Goldstone keeps a sharp eye on Allie and Nina and of course they have to return it. Burdick sometimes takes Ella and Winnie under his protecting wing but rather prefers some of the Juniors. Knapp and Nellie Bishop or Lillie Redmond seem to get along pretty well and seldom quarrel; and Temple thinks nothing of keeping his eyes fixed intently on a book while his mind is wandering to a far distant city. Albert will be the favored one and can have his own choice in the matter.

Thus for the last four years has the wheel of time unfolded events. We have gone through many trials and enjoyed many pleasures together, and while we stand on the threshold of a bright future we cast a last, long, lingering, loving look at the events of the past, conscious that we have but just finished four of the most happy years of our lives.

PATCHWORK.

WALTER KELLY MORLEY.

EVERY human being possesses certain natural abilities and faculties. To educate these is not only his right and privilege but his sacred duty, that he may become a support and an honor to the human race, and especially to those among whom he lives. Duty to self is so intricately interwoven with and so closely connected to duty toward our fellow-creatures, that those who abuse their powers, by robbing them of the opportunities and the training which will enlarge and broaden them, not only deprive mankind of the possibilities of good they might have done, but endanger the common good by injuring the type of true manhood, and lowering the standard of right. What is it that causes so much misery and discouragement? What makes existence dull and meaningless, by extracting from it that vital property, ambition? What occasions so much regret when reviewed as a life without a purpose, without an aim, without a something to call forth not mere mechanical actions, but healthy, earnest, and spontaneous endeavors.

A life without a purpose, with all its force of meaning—what a gloomy thought! A conglomeration, a jumble of unpremeditated acts, a mere existence, a simple waste of physical and mental forces! What in this wide world is more pitiable than a man without an aim? Worse by far than one who has already failed, his fate lies before him.

It is purpose that flavors life for us, that makes us scrutinize and analyze insignificant events in order to draw from them whatever is for our benefit. True, one shows his manhood by graciously accepting circumstances, and making a virtue of necessity, but yet more does he display his personal merit and tact by using the mind with which he is endowed, in planning out conditions for himself and in placing circumstances and the forces of nature subordinate and slaves to his will.

Purpose brings endeavor. Endeavors show a person what he can do. Abilities, otherwise untested, called forth by honest efforts, reveal capacity in the man. And, indeed, is he not responsible for all the good that lies within the

limits of his abilities ? Conscience rebukes man as much for good left undone as for evil that has been done. A noble aim makes one cautious and prudent. Every action with its consequences is carefully weighed and examined.

Impulsiveness is done away with. Impulsiveness, that displays so many unfortunate people in a wrong light, making them the authors of many actions that afterwards their better self shames them for, causing them to say things that, as rational beings, they would never say, and entirely transforming for the time being their true character and personality.

The cautious seldom err. They give their better judgment, or common sense, time to work. They remember that every question has two sides to it, and that it is their duty to conscientiously choose between them.

Purpose arouses enthusiasm ; not that emotional passion that overcomes the intellect and produces strained and overdone efforts, but that healthy, moderate, enthusiasm, that inspires us, even in the monotonous duties of life, to do our best, and relieves us of much pain by its noble influence.

A purpose is accompanied by a strong hope, and hope gives courage to live and to do. If there is one great essential to success and high character it is moral courage. " Courage, the highest gift that scorns to bend to mean devices for a sordid end. Courage, an independent spark from Heaven's highest throne, by which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone. Great in itself, not praises of the crowd. Above all vice it stoops not to be proud. The spring of all brave acts is seated here, as falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear."

What is life, if we are afraid to live ; afraid to do what we know is right ; afraid to say what we know is true ; afraid to protect what we know is just. In every life the time comes when a man is called upon to defend himself when nobody else can, whether it be his life, property, reputation, or beliefs. It is then that he shows his real manhood and moral worth.

A man with a purpose has always something to do. He is not left idle and hence open to temptation. It is said that " absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." The world is to be afraid of idle men. They fill our prisons and our poorhouses. They forget that man owes his success or his failure to his own endeavors. They strive to discourage and to impede the industrious with whom they cannot sympathize. They are miserable and they wish others to be so too.

What a gulf lies between the savage and the civilized man. The savage has no aim. Day by day he performs his tasks as they present themselves. He never worries about future consequences. The savage lacks the power of imagination or ideal representation ; that which enables man to endure present hardships, and, when apparently everything is against him, to cling to his ideal for the sake of future reward, which he has been able to picture to

himself and to enjoy in a sense. A man filled with such images, with his mind ever reaching out into the future, can accomplish far more than he who is watching simply present consequences. The immagination is the great influencing power of the mind, the power which by retaining the image of that which is good and useful causes man to be benefited by it. It is this faculty, then, that, above all, should be educated to avoid making patchwork of life.

Determine to strive for some object or end. Choose a course and do not lie open to all chances. Select the path that seems the best and cling to it. Substitute for a fickle, disconnected, useless life, a purpose, tempered with discretion, self-respect, hope, earnestness and brotherly love. Then you have enjoyed the noblest and grandest success in feeling satisfied that you have used your powers to the best advantage and have lived nobly.

PROPHECY.

ALLIE M. HENDERSON.

FROM the misty cloud-topped mountain,
From a spring of silvery waters,
Bubbling through earth's verdant mantle,
Pushing, gushing, (till a streamlet
Hurried downward toward the valley)
Came a cooling, widening current.
Playing on the slope a moment,
Hastening past the noisy cities,
Into groves where wild flower's odor
Scent the sweet winds wafting through them,
Onward flowed the limpid current ;
And the grain farms on its borders
Welcomed its refreshing moisture.
Eager for the vast old ocean,
Ever onward flowed the river
Till it mingled with the waters.
As we listen to its babblings,
Old time friends again we heard of.
For it told of many faces
That it saw upon its journey.
" As I passed gray convent portals,
High up in a vine-draped window
Sister Bishop's face looked toward me
As if bidding me " Haste onward."
Then I heard the choir's sweet voices
Singing in the wayside chapel.
Fair Grace Bush in pure soprano
Led " Te Deum's " rolling echoes.
Edgar Knapp's clear notes of tenor
Died away ; as from the pulpit
Reverend Hatswell read the scriptures
And the hymn that was to follow.
Farm lands met me and a farm house
With a wide old fashioned doorway.
Standing in it Nina beckoned
To a tall form near the water,

Waved farewell as down the streamlet
Steamed the yacht on toward the village,
Where the pastor's wife, sweet Lillie,
Called on all the sick and needy ;
While the deaconess, Miss Fesler,
Read the psalms and led the meetings.
As I passed on in my wanderings,
Curving, half afraid to enter,
I divided the great city.
And the steel bridge spanning o'er me
Creaked and groaned beneath its burden ;
Horses, chariots, strange performers,
Traveling with LeRoy's great circus.
At the tent Herb's bass voice shouted,
" Right this way ye lads and lasses,
Come and see the living wonder."
Purple sunset shadows closing
O'er the city and its people,
Brought them rest and quiet slumber.
Morning dawned in radiant splendor,
On the green lawn's sprinkled sunbeams,
And on winding gravelled roadways,
Leading to a private college.
Here Miss Wilson was director
And fair Lucy chief instructor;
And to teach the pupils dancing,
Kittie ruled the steps and movements.
Gliding 'neath the shades of willows,
Toward the park I gladly murmured.
Not my song the great attraction,
Eyes were turned and ears were eager
For the sight and voice of Burdick.
Politics his theme, and grandly
Did he speak in praise of Stingel.
Spoke in glowing terms on tariff,
Tin plate and McKinley's muddle ;
Then again returned to Stingel,
Who sought presidential honors.
Burdick's speech almost did win them,
And the crowd turned dissapointed
When the silvery tongue was silent,
Wishing they might hear it longer.
But the theatre's bright aspect
Lured them to its gay apartments,
Where the famous actress, Lottie,
Shone a star in "As You Like It,"
Won applause from pit and gallery.
And to see the brilliant Lottie,
Jessie marshaled her ten children,

Who with chubby hands encored her,
And with childish voices praised her.
To escape the noise and tumult,
Past the wharfs and eddies leaping,
I encircled grassy islets;
Where gay pleasure seekers wandered.
Where Grace Mowry dreamed with nature,
And portrayed with brush and canvas
Myriad hues of summer sunset.
From exciting business troubles,
For the simple fun of fishing,
Ernest in his humble effort
Just to land a mammoth whitefish,
Sat a stern-faced man, and near him
Also with her Hoock and fish-pole,
Margaretha watched and waited.
(She had caught a monstrous White fish.)
To the harbor of the island,
To the seaport town beyond it,
They were carrying a "monarch,"
Oscar with his broken ankle.
Carefully they raised the stretcher,
Placed the injured man in comfort.
While with more than usual caution,
Captain Houghton steered the vessel;
And the craft in safety journeyed,
Till it anchored in the harbor.
Gentle hands the sick attended,
To the hospital they took him;
To its wards so bright and cheery.
Dr. Markey set the ankle.
Lizzie Hogan was the matron,
And her pleasant calm demeanor
Was as potent as prescriptions;
So no doubt he has recovered.
Day and night the roar and rumble
In the building close beside me,
Told of work begun and finished,
Told of Temple's business talent
And the way the house was managed.
Books and pamphlets here were published:
Goldstone's novels neatly issued,
To be read by lords and peasants.
In the publisher's main office,
Winnie Bacon's nimble fingers
Clipped from all the leading dailies
Wittiest verse and deepest logic.
From the shipping room, huge parcels
Were conveyed to ocean steamers

Lying idly in the harbor;
While exciting scenes around them
Proved them on the verge of sailing.
One staunch craft towered high above me.
Anxious passengers arriving,
Hastened to the decks and lingered
Till the land was far behind them.
Then they sought their spacious cabins;
Faultless taste of home-like comfort
Showed Miss Schulte's supervision.
For as stewardess she travelled
To far Asia's distant borders.
And this voyage took to Hong Kong
Myrtle Crane as mission worker.
After full three days of sailing,
Plans were made to have a concert
For the benefit of sailors.
So they asked fair Eva Wilcox,
(Famous now for speaking pieces)
To recite her best production,
To recite and gain them money.
As the gay saloon was crowded
With the audience and actors,
Each to do his part as nobly
As his talent would permit him.
I was charmed with song and laughter,
Music floating o'er the waters;
And forgot the noble vessel,
Hastening with its living burden
To unknown and unseen cities.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the distance fades the steamer;
Far beyond lies distant Asia.
Far behind, the homes and dear ones
Of the many I have mentioned.
In prosperity I leave them;
Pleasant dreams of their success
Steal upon me—and the sunlight
Dying in the western ocean:
Crimson clouds like shadows floating
In the realms where rule the planets,
Change the real to simple fancies.
I am lost in briny billows.
Stars above in heaven's glory,
And the silvery moon majestic,
Sailing in her wondrous circuit,
Waves, beneath by cool winds ruffled,
All reflect majestic grandeur,
Calmed by evening's tranquil beauty."

STORY OF THE LOST BRACELET.

It all happened in this wise.

At the time which the event narrated below took place, there was in progress in the city an immense county fair, to which all the youths and maidens from all the surrounding country collected, to see the wondrous sights, ride on the whirligig, eat taffy, and have a jolly time.

The characters of this sketch are too well known to admit of their real names being used. There were six of them, three girls and three boys. The young lads were all rough, country boys, brought up in the back woods of Michigan. Despite the rude surroundings in which they had grown up, they were decidedly sentimental and by no means unsusceptible to the charms of the fair sex.

They were just arising from eating dinner, when there flashed by three beautiful sirens. All three uttered smothered exclamations of admiration and adoration, as they glanced at the pretty faces and figures passing by. They set sail and followed, and at the end of half an hour's speculaiton each one found himself madly in love with one of the beauties, and were bent on nothing less than an immediate proposal. Not that they had any intention of hasty matrimony—the sight of their pocket-books was an ample preventive to such an idea. They determined to seek a favorable opportunity to ingratiate themselves in their favor and set to work at it with an eagerness which they had never felt before.

But passing a merry-go-round in their walk, they decided to take a ride to soothe their ruffled feelings. What was their astonishment and delight to find the three objects of their emotion embarking on the same journey. The boys took seats as near them as possible and the ride all too soon came to an end. The young ladies seemed bothered to find the right change so the boys gallantly came forward and cheerfully paid the amount; an inspection of their purses found they had left just fifteen cents each. But they had made the acquaintance and that amply repaid them.

The boys bravely undertook the charge of piloting the girls around. They took them to see the auctioneer and bought them each a big hunk of candy. In the course of this walk the boys were not able to restrain their emotions and blindly declared their love. Now this candy was not good, but it served the boys a good turn, for the girls were unable to make any remonstrances because their mouths were full of taffy. But the girls bore no malice to them on this account, and repaid them by begging glass medals and button hooks from the exhibitors, which they presented to the boys as a remembrance of the happy event of their acquaintance.

At length the day waned and darkness approached. After profuse promises to meet the girls again, the boys departed, carrying in the innermost depths

of their hearts visions of their beautiful companions. Soon the boys were made happy by receiving an invitation to a party at the home of one of the girls. They went. Tom, being bolder than the others, quickly succeeded in drawing Lill, the object of his affection, into conversation, and never in his life enjoyed himself as much. When he went away he carried something more substantial than visions with him, that is, a silver bracelet, which she had lent him as a keepsake.

Was this joy, this paradise on earth, to last forever? Alas! Too soon it ended. The boys received word that the girls were going on an excursion to be away a week, and if they wished to see them once again, they might do so by meeting them at the depot on the evening of their departure. The youths were sad and downcast and felt as if their fondest hopes had been dashed to the ground. They wandered aimlessly about until the time of departure. Then, accompanied by a box of candy, they wended their way to the depot. At the last moment, Tom was suddenly called away, and Dick and Harry had to go alone. The girls were only to be gone a week, but the boys felt as if they must have something to solace them, left alone, as it were, in the deepest depths of misery. So these two, also, procured bracelets.

Words fail us, language is powerless to tell the misery, the desperation of these loving youths as the train pulled out, taking away from them for a whole week the lights of their lives. How they treasured those bracelets, would suffer no one to look upon them, carrying them always next to the heart, and each one pledged a solemn vow to part with his life rather than with his bracelet. The week passed full of sleepless nights and melancholy days until the girls were home. * * * * * * * * *

The young lads, as usual in most of the cases of this kind, gradually recovered from their intense love and the girls likewise (if ever they had any). But still the youths kept the bracelets and Dick and Harry got permission to keep them as a token of youthful passions. But Tom both failed to get the desired permission and also failed to return the bracelet. And Lill after several vain attempts to secure her property at length gave it up as hopeless.

Several years have now passed and the boys have grown up to be strong sturdy, energetic men, but still keeping in their hearts a remembrance of past pleasure. Imagine Tom's surprise when a few days ago he received a letter from Miss Lill through her attorney on matters concerning the bracelet. The following is a copy of the letter:

DEAR SIR:—You will remember that a little over a year ago, at a party at Miss. —— —— I allowed you to wear a bracelet of mine for that night, and though after the party, I repeatedly asked you for the same, you have as yet failed to return it. As this bracelet is a gift from a particular friend of mine from a different city, I value it highly and do not wish it to be in any other hands than mine. Now Tom, I do not wish to cause you any trouble, and I sincerely hope that I will hear from you immediately. Yours respectfully,

MISS —— ——.

Poor Tom was much grieved and sorely troubled for the bracelet was lost and as far as we know nothing further has been done in the matter.

FRESHIE'S LOST HIS CARD. 10ct. FINE.

THE JUNIOR PARTY.

CLASS ORATION.

SECRECY.

Men love thee not, dear, holy Mystery,
But seek to slay thee who art one with life;
The hidden impulse of its noblest strife,
The subtle force by which our spirits see.
—Thou wisdom of the Dark!—Man wants not thee,
But knowledge, as an urchin craves a knife
Although it wound him; for this age is rife
With petty doubt and curiosity.
We long to map the wrong side of the moon,
To know the stars like simple meadow-flowers,
To make of space one dreary commonness,
Not deeming Death's soft plenitude a boon,
Since it infolds us from the rushing hours
And makes our dream of victory ever less.

—AMELIE RIVES.

THE whole world is enveloped in a vast network of secrecy. Into whatever realm a person turns, it lies before him on every hand. We find it in the soil, in the mine with it's mineral, and in the heavens with their vast system of planets. It constitutes the great incentive of man's strivings in life, and that which impels him forward on the path of progress and development.

A glance at the human race will show the great attraction secrecy possesses for man. From the time when as a school boy he longs to grasp and become master of mysteries too far reaching, too intricate, for his as yet undeveloped powers of comprehension, till hoary with age, he is engaged in solving the mysteries of nature and science.

Glancing back a few thousand years, we see the world almost entirely enshrouded in mystery and the people apparently showing no desire to understand these secrets. Only here and there shone forth the light of some man imbued with the determination to dispel this overshadowing cloud.

As time passed these seekers for knowledge became more numerous. Rising prominently among them, we see towards the close of the fifteenth century Christopher Columbus. This man by his persistent faith in and final discovery of the fact that the earth was round and of a new world towards the west, opened the way for a succession of discoveries which have formed the foundation of our modern civilization.

Astronomy also was involved in secrecy, men not recognizing the laws which govern the heavenly bodies, until we see such men as Galileo imparting to the world the idea of the vast planetary orbs being merely a system of worlds similar to our own and likewise inhabited and cultivated by a race of human beings.

Again, we know that the earth revolves in a circuitous path and is held in its position by the attraction between it and the other planets, being continually jostled back and forth among them, yet ever retaining its own position. How great a mystery this presents to us, and yet we know that it is but one of the laws of the universe, all of which are similarly involved in mystery.

Turning another page of the world's history, we stand confronted by that portion of science which has been the basis of invention. We see the power of steam in the railroad train whizzing and roaring along up a mountain, down into a valley, through a forest, or over the vast, barren prairie, and we think nothing of it. We hear in the United States of something that happened in England only a few minutes before, and we say it is only a telegraph instrument worked by electricity and take no further notice of it. We talk into a box and converse with a friend one hundred miles away and do not regard it as anything extraordinary. Yes, these are all common and every day occurrences to us, yet let us not forget that this same railroad train, this art of telegraphy, and that telephone, were once all great secrets hidden from the knowledge and use of man.

Let us examine another phase of this subject of secrecy. If we look at the evils with which the world had to contend a few ages back and then at those of to-day and the ones which threaten to cause trouble in the near future, we will see a vast difference existing. Of what does this difference consist? It lies in the simple fact that the evils of the past were open to the eyes of all, and as a consequence led to war and bloodshed, while those of the present are governed more by the spirit of secrecy, a condition which is becoming more and more the rule as time passes.

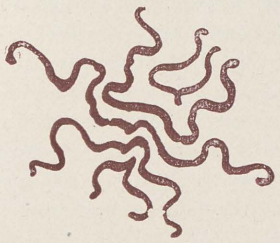
Secrecy also enters into human life. One person cannot know the thoughts of another any more than he or she can know the results of the morrow's actions. Mankind, being conscious of this, glories in the fact that he is possessor of some secret of which no other can deprive him.

Scarcely a city or town in this whole land but has one or more secret societies, and not a day passes but what we read of some new order being formed. Why is this? Simply because the love for and desire to ferret out and possess secrets is so strong in people that they are not content to work as individuals, but are forced to organization and united efforts in order that they may satisfy this desire the more. Certainly such organization carries with it power which is often devoted to the accomplishment of evil as well as good purposes. For while by thus uniting in secrecy, as in labor organizations and numerous others that might be mentioned, people are enabled to accomplish much which

in the end redounds to the benefit of the human race and civilization, yet on the other hand we have many instances, as the anarchists' societies for example, by which they are able to execute the most diabolic deeds and bring misery and desolation upon a people.

Thus we can see how the whole universe and all in it is surrounded in mystery which it is the appointed work of mankind to gradually reveal. We are apt to ask: "If this is the case will man not one day reach a limit, and will there not come a day when all shall have been disclosed and mankind shall understand all the workings of the universe?" No one need have any fears in that respect. For while at the rate these secrets are now being revealed such a condition might seem possible, yet these mysteries are a part of an infinitude whose greatness man's mind can never comprehend.

There will always be work for every person as long as the world shall stand, and it should be a matter of personal interest to each one to be up and doing and thus aid in giving civilization a higher tone.



PARTING ODE.

SENIORS, in this hall of learning
All too swift the years have flown,
And our hearts are sadly turning
Towards the scenes forever gone.
But from out the past's dim portals
Hear we voices clear and true,
Memory makes some scenes immortal
Though we bid them all adieu.

Four sunny years with joy and fear,
We've striven for the prize,
But now the time has come, when here
Must end these High School ties,
And we upon life's sea must launch.
We'll spread a flowing sail,
We'll make our craft both strong and staunch
To meet life's stormy gale.

In the days and years before us
We shall often in our dreams,
Hear the echoes of the chorus
Call to mind these well loved scenes.
Classmates, faithful earnest hearted,
Pledge the memories of yore.
While we think on joys departed,
And the days of nevermore.

Let us plight our faith together,
Pledge to each our friendship true.
Hearts thus knit no storms will sever.
Here's to the Class of '92.
May our circle be unbroken,
As the months and years pass by.
This our word of parting spoken,
This our last and sad good-bye.

REVISED VERSION

— OF THE —

Fourth Book of Vergil's Aeneid.

GRATIA ET MYRTUS.

[This fragment of an epic was found in the ruins of the old High School. In the poem the tragic fate of the Queen Dido of '92 is related. Scholars are still hunting for the remainder of this manuscript, the finding of which would throw much light on that eventful year.]

Phœbe, the Goddess of Dawn, the earth with a torch was surveying,
When the sad Queen Margarethe, whom the arrow of Cupid had wounded,
Summoned her sister saying: "Who is this guest at your threshold?
What of his face and his carriage! How like a hero! Indeed, I
Think that Clare, king of the silvery tongued band of orators,
Sprang from the heavenly race. An ignoble soul in man shows fear.
Ah! by what lessons has he been tortured! He has related
Long examinations. Every question answered correctly.
Since the sad loss of Thomas, fixed as the fates is my purpose
Never to yield to love's pleadings." Lottie her sister
Made answer, "O Margaretha, dearer to me than the sun light,
Wilt thou pine thy youth away in loneliness grieving?
Knowest thou not whose lessons thou art translating?
Under Heaven's direction and Aurie's blessing, I deem the
Orators were borne to our shore, by the winds from Aeolian Temple.
Thine be the task the favor of Heaven to gain.
Win its acceptance and weave a chain of pleas for delaying,
While Temple, the king of the winds, doth rage on the ocean."
Such were the words with which Lottie inflamed Margaretha.
First they approached the library, and sacrificed the dear volumes,
Note books to thee, O Ruler of Angels! (s) O Harris, to thee a
Grammar of Greek. They adorn thy altars, O Margaret, with flowers
Dainty and fragrant. Thus the day they were spending.
Now the queen, Margarethe, LeRoyides leads through the city.
Banquets at eve she holds, and again to his voyages listens;
She in turn entertains by the singing of Jessie and Evelyn,
While bright Mazy leads the joyous dancers.
Aurie, the queen of the heavens, being defeated again in her purpose,
Speaks thus to sweet Fannie, the Goddess of love and of Latin: "Thy
Praise is great. The spoils are rich that thou and LeRoyides captured.

No ; I am not so blind to thy fears of my students,
Or to thy doubts of the open doors of my beautiful High School.
When is this to end, or what call for such fearful battles ?
Now for a change. Suppose we establish perpetual concord.
Let us rule this school together, each with full power."
Seeing that beautiful Aurie had spoken with feigned purpose, meaning
Thus to divert the future empire to wisdom's borders,
Lovely Fannie answers: "Who would spurn offers like these and
Risk your enmity ? If it were certain fortune would favor—
And Goddard, king of the heavens, approve.
Stately Aurie, discover to me his will and I follow."
Meanwhile from the ocean rose the morn, when the huntsmen
Vaulted the gate of the school yard. First Burdick, the foremost of
Athletes, golden as sunbeams his tresses, leading the sweet singers.
Houghton follows, bearing the rose buds snatched from fair maidens.
Next comes Albert, quiet in manner. Eagerly thronging
They await the queen, who lingers in front of the mirror, once
Snatched by ruthless hands from the wall of the palace, before which
Gertie, the Grecian Helen, waved her silken hair [formerly Gertie,
Draped in silver and gold, stands the steed of the queen, Margaretha.
Finally she comes forth—a mighty train in attendance ;
Round her the snowy scarf of '92, with glittering border.
With her the cherished companions : Winnie, the brightest of maidens ;
Nina, who sings sweet love strains ; the poetess, Nina ;
Then the actress, Nellie ; and next the beautiful Myrtle,
Robed in a garment traced with a silken Crane.
Even now the eager train is in motion, and little
Adolph all excitement. Clare, the most noble of princes,
Adds his royal presence to theirs, and joins the procession,
Just as Herbert, of '92 the Apollo, when leaving
Winter studies and skates on the river, he visits
Summer resorts and renews the dance to the time of gay music,
Just as gliding with easy grace, he approaches tennis
Court and wins the laurel wreath, so graceful is Clare's tread.
Then they reach the woodland. Lo ! the wild goats, dropping from the
Tops of crags, have run down the slopes. In another quarter
Deer are scouring the open plain, collecting their herds, while
Dust clouds cover their flight. They leave the rough mountains.
Adolph, in the heart of the glen, on his fiery courser exulting,
Now passes one then another in flight, and desires more excitement.
Meanwhile the sunny sky by a mighty storm is o'er shadowed ;
Black clouds follow of mingled rain and hail. All the huntsmen
Shelter seek, some in one direction some in another.
Queen Margarethe and the noble Clare find themselves in the same cave.
Aurie and kind Terrestial Ball are present. The lightnings
Blaze. Heaven in sympathy flashes. Rumor, through towns her
Progress begins and rouses Ernest, the friend of her girlhood.
Frenzied, he calls on the King of the Thunderbolts, saying "Almighty
Father, dost thou allow one descended from thee to be spurned thus ? "
Hearing his prayers the King quickly calls the Gods to Olympus—
Graceful Zelma, the huntress, Kleene, who glories in battles,

Sibyl, bringing the owl of wisdom, Burr, who the raging
Sea doth calm, and Reid, who sings as he works at his forge.
Philip, carried away by the eagle, and May, the former
Cup-bearer, wait on the council. All agreeing, Goddard summons
Goldstone of gods the winged messenger, giving him this charge :
"Go, my son ; haste, to summon the zephyrs and float on the breezes.
Clare address, who in Saginaw is lingering, giving no thought to
Fertile lands destined for him ; bid him leave the kingdom."
Freddy, the golden sandals binds on his feet ; in his hands the
Winged wand he seizes and soon delivers the message.
Clare, overcome by the warning, with fear his
Hair stands erect, his voice clings to his throat. With a great tear
His face he moistens at leaving the city. He calls Sophomore captain,
Kelly, whose ship is decked with old rose and light blue, and Cornwell,
Bearing the Junior flag with three hues of lavender tinted,
Noted for guiding the ships o'er the water, o'er the ice the sweet maidens.
Calling these, Clare bids them for sailing prepare the forces.
Margaretha, kindest of friends, is in ignorance meanwhile.
Wicked Rumor at length brings to her the sad news of departure.
Seeing the ship of her guest, without leave being granted, in silence
Under the moon's protecting rays the High School deserting,
Queen Margaretha decides to do the "fashionable" thing. She
Calls to her Libby her nurse, saying "Bring my sister dear, hither.
Bid her sprinkle pure water and bear the offerings ordered.
Now I wish to accomplish the sacrifices and rites I have
Duly commenced," she spoke. Gentle Libby quickens her footsteps.
Sadly the queen beholds the funeral pyre of rich gifts. She
Climbs the tall pile. "I have lived my life—the course now is finished."
While she is speaking she falls on the glittering sword. The attendants
Shrieking rush in. Theresa, her hands in agony wringing,
Kitty Raines tears from her violet eyes, the Lizzie and Lucy
Weeping, and Allie the sooth sayer. Rumor runs wild through the city.
Rings the Palace with wailing and groaning and screams of the women.
Doctor Edgar is summoned and comes at once to assist her.
Lottie heard the uproar. Breathless and frantic she bursts through the [press,
Calling the dying Queen by name. "Was this your design in
Decking the pile? Alas! Did these hands build thy funeral altars?
Why your death did I not share?" With these laments she mounts the
Steps and embracing her sister, soothes her with words of affection,
As with her silken robe the crimson blood she is stanching.
Then the Queen of the Heavens pities the hard struggle and sends down
Grace to part from the earthly prison the lingering spirit.
Painting the sky as she glides and trailing a thousand
Tints in the face of the sun, artistic Grace o'er the head of
Margarethe alights. Then Oscar the wise Senior Jester,
Careless as to time and place, proposes to Grace who
Murmurs her answer so faint and low that no one can hear it.
Then she cries "This lock I bear to the Ruler of Hades,
Hereby I set you free from the cares of life." Speaking thus she
Cuts the dark bang from her forehead, at once all the vital
Heat leaves the beautiful body and life retreats into thin air.

CLASS POEM.

STORY OF MAID MARJORIE.

NINA M. PRALL.

I.

THERE 's a place on a wild, rocky shore,
Full many a mile away,
Where never comes the welcomed flowers
Of our own bright sunny May.

II.

The waves flow in with a sullen roar,
And then fall back on the sea;
The grim old towers on the rocky heights
Seem like sentinels there to be.

III.

In the leafless trees the cold north wind
Moans always, day and night,
Like a lonely spirit of deep unrest,
Seeking for God's own light.

IV.

Here in this desolate, dark old place
Was life to Maid Marjorie given,
And with a prayer for her wee lone child,
The young mother's soul was in heaven.

V.

Her father was dark and sullen and grim;
He cared more for the death than the birth,
So the childish laugh in the dim old place
Was the only sound of mirth.

VI.

Maid Marjorie grew like a violet fair,
More sweet and more modest seemed she
For life in the gloomy, dark abode,
With no friends but the birds and the sea.

VII.

Then at the end of twelve long years
Did the father seem to awake;
He looked at his daughter, so gentle and fair,
And loved, for her dead mother's sake.

VIII.

The maiden gave all the love of her heart
To her father, old, silent and grim;
And when raving in fierce, sullen temper,
His daughter alone dared go to him.

IX.

And now came swift the tidings sad,
Of war, cruel war, o'er the land.
The knight heard it there in his castle grim,
And madly shook his trembling hand.

X.

And said in loud tones, "Let them come if they dare,
Low sneaking cowards that they are;
We will hinder their coming by land, as by sea,
For they dare not cross by the Bar."

XI.

"Come men, to arms, and be ready to fight,
They will be here to-night if they can,
And I vow to the gods, he shall pay with his life,
Who gives mercy to beast or to man."

XII.

Maid Marjorie heard and she trembled,
Not for fear, but for pity, while she,
As she thought of the men meeting death on the rocks
Knew how cruel a death that would be.

XIII.

Night came, and from the high castle walls,
Way up on the rocks, grim and bare,
Gleamed brightly the lights of the signals—
"Come up to meet death, if you dare!"

XIV.

There by her lone chamber window,
Sunk deep in the gray, old stone,
Maid Marjorie knelt on that terrible night,
Praying and sobbing, little maid there alone.

XV.

"Oh Jesus, dear Jesus, I'll help if I can,
I know you will find me true;
If need there should be of my aid or my life,
Then dear Jesus, I'd give them for you."

XVI.

Loud howled the winds, and the waves howled too;
But high above all rose the battle cry,
"On men! On! Would you falter or fall—
On! 'Tis time now to fight and to die!"

XVII.

'Tis over. The knight of the castle has won,
And captives by scores has he.
"A nice fat bite for the waves they will make,
Come then, give a feast to the sea."

XVIII.

Maid Marjorie there in her lonely tower
Sees the tide go out in the sea;
And when, after hours, the tide comes in,
Think where the poor captives will be.

XIX.

One by one, and well guarded, the prisoners
Were led out the north gate to the rocks,
While behind them the heathen knight watches,
To see that the gate safely locks.

XX.

Then away goes the knight with his soldiers,
To feast in the banqueting hall;
While Marjorie, creeping thro' corridors old,
Trembles with fear at each sudden call.

XXI.

Then on and away, little maiden,
Hasten on o'er the rocks to the gate;
Heaven send help to Maid Marjorie,
If the tide be in—'tis too late!

XXII.

Ah, work little maid, work on with a will.
The great iron gates are unlocked at last,
And there stands Maid Marjorie, brave and true,
Till each man in safety has passed.

XXIII.

"The winds and the waves seem to battle to-night,
For the lives of the rascals out there.
Serves them right—the vain fools;
Now let others fight here, if they dare!"

XXIV.

Oh, God! If the winds would but whisper
That this hour is his daughter's last.
The great iron gates went clanging to,
And now they are locked, firm and fast.

* * * * * * * * * *

XXV.

Many long years have passed since the day,
When the waves a sweet burden bore;
The beautiful slender form of the maid,
Which the old knight found on the shore.

XXVI.

She was only a lass, yet she bravely
Did the thing which seemed to her best,
Gave up her one life to save many,
Yet lives, in her death, thrice blest.

REBUS OF THE CLASS OF '92.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

PROGRAM.

Overture—"King of Diamonds," - - - - - Lavolle

PRAYER.

Santillane (Gavotte) - - - - - - Markstein

Oration—"Man's Duty to Himself," - - - - - - -
WALTER KELLY MORLEY

Essay—"A Noble Life," - - - - - - - - -
MARGARETHE HOOCK

Oration—"Labor-Saving Machinery," - - - - - - -
HERBERT W. MERRILL

Essay—"Characteristics of the Gypsies," - - - - - - -
EVELYN WILCOX

Flute Solo—"Blue Bells of Scotland," - - - - Richardson

Essay—"Common Sense," - - - - - - -
GRACE BUSH

Oration—"Our Country's Need," - - - - - - -
FRED D. GOLDSTONE

Essay—"Modern Charities," - - - - - - - -
THERESA SCHULTE

Potpourri—"Lucia di Lammermoor," - - - - - Donizetti

Oration—"Citizenship," - - - - - - - - -
FRED H. BURDICK

Essay—"The Life of an Actress," - - - - - - -
CLARA ENDERT

Essay—"The Usefulness of a Boy," - - - - - - - -
KITTIE RAINES

Oration—"Tramps," - - - - - - - - -
*ERNEST WHITE

Kicker Galop, - - - - - - - - Barnard

Oration—"Earthquakes," - - - - - - - -
CLARE J. LEROY

Essay—"The Puritan Sabbath," - - - - - - - -
ALLIE HENDERSON

Oration—"Choice in Life," - - - - - - - -
OSCAR L. KING

*Excused.

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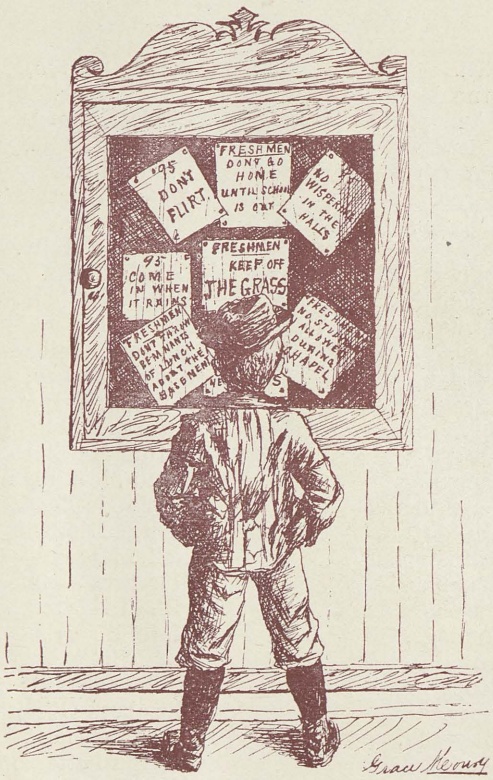

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GRINDS.

Things the Board of Editors want to know.

When Temple bought the earth?
When Goddard will be married?
Why Miss Palmer resigned?
Why Coats goes to South Saginaw?
Who is King's girl?
What is Miss Prall's waist measure?
If '91 published an Aurora?
Why White kicked?
What is the matter with Lake?
Why '93 didn't have a hop?
Why Mr. Reid went to Chicago?
Why Fesler is always late when she has on a new dress?

Current Literature of the Future.

Rise and Fall of the Moustasche,	Prof. Harris.
Essays on "Love",	G. Norris.
Life in a Large City,	W. K. Morley.
Dancing and Etiquette,	F. S. Houghton.
Love, Courtship (Marriage ?),	Nina M. Prall.
A Pair of Kids,	the two Coopers.
Little Women,	Bruske and Hoffman.
Little Men,	Boyd and A. Iberschoff.
U. S. History,	C. Rice.

CONCERT AND ART EXHIBIT

BENEFIT OF

SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

The Faculty recognizing the vast importance attached to the Scholarship Fund, have generously offered their services for the following

PROGRAM.

Exhibit of decorated china - - - - Misses Barker and Hedrick.

Vocal Solo—"A Bashful Girl" - - - - - Miss Fanny D. Ball.

Clog Dance - - - - - - - - - - - E. C. Goddard.

Mouth Organ Accompaniment, J. H. Harris.

Dramatization of "Love's Labor Lost" - - - - - - - A. F. Burr.

A Hoe Down - - - - - - - - - - Miss Sibyl Palmer.

Song—"Three little maids from school" Misses Merrill, Fairchild and Gray.

Piano Solo—"Love's Dreamland" - - - - Miss A. V. Hedrick.

Accompaniment by cracking toes, G. A. Kleene.

Essay—Women - - - - - - - - - - R. M. Reid.

"My only books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me."

Stage Manager—Miss Ryan. Carpenter—C. P. Coats.

THE "BORED" OF EDUCATION.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

The object of this organization is the protection of weak minds against encroachments of the faculty.

ARTICLE II.

No person shall be eligible for membership whose average is above 80.5%

ARTICLE III.

No members shall be allowed to study more than two and one-half hours a week. Boning is strictly prohibited. Members shall unite in the effort to escape long hours and onerous duties.

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Grand Master of Flunkers	Nina M. Prall.
Chief Bluffer	C. E. Temple.
Just Learning	Lucy Nerreter.
Keeper of Seal	E. L. Knapp.

MEMBERS.

Too numerous to publish.

TRUTHS ABOUT OTHERS.

White— "It talked, great gods ! How it talked !"

Crane— Graceful and shy—like her namesake.

Hogan— A back number of '91, but ever fresh.

Stingel— A quiet, studious lad,
Both innocent and wise;
A pet for all the girls.

Bush— "Like Niobe, all tears."

Bishop— Banishes cares to ride in the laundry wagon.

Houghton— "He himself can be his only parallel."

Considine— With dimples so alluring,
With face o'er spread with smiles,
A look from youths securing,
She often them beguiles.

Rouse— "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Burdick— Sings what Katy did and what Katy didn't.

Fesler— "Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why arn't they all contented like me."

Nerreter— "Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time."

Wilcox— "Increase your voice,"
Lest it mar your fortune."

Knapp— "Hello! You clown!"

Schulte— "I have immortal longings in me."

Markey— "Nothing will come of nothing."

Temple— "Content to live but not to work."

Prall— "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Hoock— "Cupid is a knavish lad,
"Thus to make poor females mad."

King— "Above the vulgar flight of common souls."

Wilson— "Out of mind as soon as out of sight."

Hatswell— Plucked by every one, still he survives,
As joyous as ever, a light to man's eyes.

Bacon— "I never saw so small a body with so old a head."

Henderson— "Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides."

SCRAPS FROM SCRIPTURE.

TEXT—Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept. Gen. 29: 11.

EDITORS—Why did Jacob weep?

T—H—t—ll says that if Rachel was a pretty girl and kept her face clean, he can see no cause for weeping.

E—d—r Kn—p thinks that maybe she slapped his face.

F—B—d—ck submits as his opinion that Rachel would not be so cruel, but that Jacob wept because he stopped so soon.

F—H—gh—n says in his opinion Jacob wept because he had not kissed her before and regretted the time he had lost.

C—T—ple thinks it was because he was not encored.

E—Wh—t— assures us that Jacob wept because it was not flavored just right.

O—L—K—ng believes Jacob wept because he repented of the evil he had done.

A—St—ng—l says that Jacob wept because he thought he was discovered.

EDITORS—All wrong, gentlemen, you never kissed a pretty girl. We have been in Jacob's place and we blubbered right out. No! Jacob wept tears of joy.

CLASS ROOM CUTS.

The Junior Greek Class on account of the presence of several arithmetical and geographical problems suddenly resolved into a class of arithmetic and geography.

Mr. Harris: "Miss H—t—ie, $1.75 from $3.50 is how much?"

Miss H—t—ie: (After long and profound deliberation, while the class awaits with breathless interest), replies, "$1.45."

Harris collapses, concludes the arithmetic class is a failure, and wades into the mysteries of geography.

Mr. Harris: "Miss M—c—y, where is Egypt?"

Miss M—c—y: "Egypt! Ah, well, I think it is in Asia, somewhere."

Mr. Harris: "Well, where in Asia?"

Miss M—c—y: "I'm not sure, but seems to me it is in the southwestern part."

Harris *begins* to get nervous and thinks Greek is not compatible with mathematics and geography, but still persists in pegging away at the problem.

"Miss C—r—ie, Where do you think Egypt is?"

Miss C—r—ie: "Seems to me it is on the shore of something, but I hardly know what."

Several other bold guesses now take place, Egypt being located in any and all parts of Asia, Europe and Africa, until at last by dint of much coaxing, and much more guessing, it is located in its proper place.

Answers in Examination on Civil Government and United States History.

The Grangers are a body of farmers travelling from the east to the west.

The Bankrupt Law is that power of the U. S. by which a man doing business may go to the bank and get his money.

Bullion is that power in Congress that will allow no other power to get above it.

The civil war was made by the Stamp Act, passed in 1832.

Gov. Prentiss was a large man, who ruled well, and had a generous liver. (History note—"he was a generous liver.")

Ex Post-Facto Law: An act which is taken to the President for his veto.

Celibacy—The selling of one's estate.

Teacher.—"Why is 'veni, vidi, vici, so celebrated?"

Freshman—"It was a telegram sent by Caesar."

Algebra is an equation of science with unknown numbers.

What is the law of the signs in multiplication?

Ans.—The law of the signs is that you add the co-efficients.

Teacher.—"Give the effects of exercise upon the body?"

Freshman.—"After we have exercised a good deal, our hearts beat and we go right on breathing."

An account of Alexis St. Martin by a Freshman.—"Alexis St. Martin was a Canadian who was shot in the stomach. When he got well he had a hole an inch square in his diameter, and through this the people could see how he digested his food."

Liquor not only failed to give the soldiers endurance, but it made them weaker. Changed to simple sentence by pupil. "The soldiers were made weaker and unendurable by liquor."

"Why is it wrong to compel a young child to remain in one position for a long time."

Freshman.—"Because this is a free country."

Define serrate and dentate leaves.

Student.—"The serrate have a little jag and the dentate have a big jag on."

One of the girls of the Freseman Class has discovered that William Tell invented a cotton gin.

Senior translations :

Tum virgam capit—"Then he seized the virgin."

Cava undam de flumine sustinet palona—"He took a wave from the river in his hollow hand."

Sequiturque, nefas! Aegyptia conjunx—"An Egyptian wife. O, the horrid thing follows."

Virgo sata nocte—"Virgin satisfied with the night."

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